No. 1505—Vol. 58

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

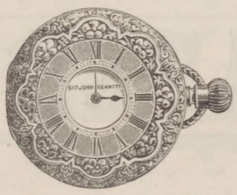
April 5, 1890

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

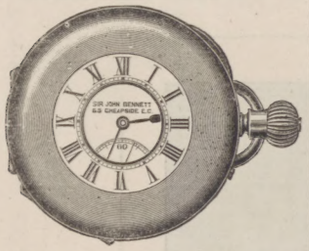
London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.

BISMARCK AT HOME: A SKETCH AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.
Watch & Clock Manufacturers.



£10.—In return for a £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.



£25.—The "SIR JOHN." A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 2-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with monogram richly emblazoned. Free and safe per post.—Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside, London.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.
GOLD WATCHES, from £5.
Illustrated Catalogues post free.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited),
65 & 64, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
Price 3s. 6d. per large Bottle.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
2s. 6d. per Bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and
RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

DANGERS OF ELECTRICITY.

MR. EDISON when last in Paris said it was dangerous to be sending side by side with gas conduits through subterranean Paris electrical currents by wires charged with high tension currents. He foresaw gas explosions, and an explosion has, owing to this cause, taken place at 26, Boulevard des Italiens, a leaden gaspipe having melted. A window was shattered. It appears (says Mrs. Crawford) that accidents of this kind are constantly taking place, and that within fifteen months they have caused large losses.—A Reuter's telegram from New York says that a grain-mill at St. Louis, the property of Messrs. Kauffmann, was on Friday destroyed by fire, the building being ignited by an electric wire. The loss is estimated at 200,000 dollars.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

NOW READY,
CASES FOR BINDING
THE
PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER
ENLARGED SERIES.
Price 2s.; or by Parcel Post, 2s. 4½d.
Order through your Newsagent.
THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London, W.C.

PERSONAL POLITICS

I OFTEN regret that journalists and politicians take so little account of the reasons why public men fail—or only partially succeed—in their careers. The reflection occurred to me when I was listening to

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Speech on the Tithes Bill.

I think of it now and then when I follow the devious phases of Lord Randolph Churchill's career. Why have not these men succeeded—or, at all events, succeeded up to the point of the hopes that have been raised about them? If I were to answer the question in a sentence, perhaps I should say that Lord Randolph has not succeeded because men do not trust him, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach because he does not interest them. I mentally glance over the front and the back benches—above and

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, M.P.,
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

below the gangway—and count the heads of men, some now bald and grey, of whom less than twenty years ago people were confidently saying, "This is the coming man." But he has not come very far. Perhaps, like Mr. Chaplin, he has got to the Treasury Bench. Sir Michael is one of the men who has had his chance and has missed it. Five or six years ago, this tall, handsome, proud, rather chilly, but level-headed Gloucestershire squire, with a fluent tongue, a not ungraceful style of speech, and with the record of a brilliant Oxford career and a very fair administrative success behind him, looked as if he might be in the running for the Conservative leadership Well, it did not come off; and now Sir Michael is only where he was in 1884—perhaps not quite so high in the ranks.

The reasons (as usual in these cases) are partly physical, partly mental, partly moral. Sir Michael's eyesight gave way partially at a critical period of his career—when it looked as if he were going to give a new and startling impulse to the Irish problem. But something else had given way before. In 1884 and 1885, when the Tories were getting more and more dissatisfied with poor Sir Stafford Northcote—the neat-looking, gentle, silky-haired, kind, shrewd, and dull gentleman who had led them admirably for the later years of Lord Beaconsfield's Government — Sir Michael and Lord Randolph were working more or less together for a great change in the *personnel* of the Tory leadership. The change came. Sir Michael had impressed his party more and more with his speaking powers during the Soudan debates, and Sir Stafford had rather capped his own record for mild and ineffective talk. The Randolph party triumphed: Sir Michael became leader of the House in Lord Iddesleigh's stead, and did fairly but not brilliantly. Sir Michael and Lord Randolph became very thick, and were inquiring after each other. But the Tory Ministry of 1885 mortgaged Sir Michael's chances, and the election of 1886 destroyed them. Lord Randolph became Leader, Sir Michael Irish Secretary. Neither stayed long: one made a brilliant success, and threw it away; the other promised a new departure, but did not carry it out. Now the Ministry has Sir Michael again in its inner counsels, no longer as a Randolphian, but as a good henchman of the older Conservative school, to which at heart Sir Michael always belonged. But his chance of making a deep, permanent mark on the history of his time is over. As he was speaking—and it was a good speech on the whole—his voice, with its clear, monotonous tones and his air of slight weariness, seemed unfamiliar to me. For Sir Michael is not often heard in the House of Commons now. He has subsided into his department where he makes a good though not in any way a remarkable administrator. However,

Sir Michael Made One Good Hit,

which made the House roar again at the expense of Mr. Picton, whom he compared to his "predecessor in spoliation, Henry VIII." For the fun of the comparison lies in the fact that the merry and much-married monarch was a man of mighty limb. I hope some of my readers have seen him, not only in their illustrated histories of England, but in Holbein's pictures. On the other hand, Mr. Picton is almost the smallest man in the House, with a pleasant, rather naïf face, a precise voice, and a ministerial (with a small "m") manner. In other words, Mr. Picton has been a Congregational minister. Like his brother ex-ministers, Mr. Halley Stewart and Dr. Wallace, he has not quite rid himself of the clerical air. He is now a partner in a well-known publishing business, has written the best short Life of Cromwell extant, and is the author of a powerful and suggestive piece of speculative theology called "The Mystery of Matter." But the House only knows him for his formal, rather timid manner, his careful but not striking speeches, his real sincerity and enthusiasm for humanity, his interesting Lancashire accent, and his diminutive size. The Henry VIII. comparison was cruel. It spoiled Mr. Picton's speech in advance. It ruined his points, and it displayed grave, rather melancholy Sir Michael in the quite novel character of a successful Parliamentary wit.

So Sir William Marriott

has turned up again. Somehow one is always hearing of Sir William in paths which do not altogether lead from the office of that mysterious sinecure, the Judge Advocate-Generalship. What the Judge Advocate does for his £2000 a year—what the whole department (which costs some more thousands) does—I never knew, and I never heard of anybody else who ever knew. But Sir William, having, it is presumed, time on his hands, is able on occasion to make himself disagreeable to his opponents and (no doubt) equally agreeable to his friends. I don't think, perhaps, that he was quite the man to insinuate that Mr. Parnell did actually write the forged letter, and that Pigott copied it from a genuine letter. Of course, one has heard that story in drawing-rooms, where it has had quite the vogue of late (the last time I had news of it, it came through the son of a distinguished Judge), but it is not meant for public platforms. However, there is a kind of audacity about Sir William which seems to associate itself with such adventures as his speech at the United Club. I must say that it had not a good effect in the House, any more than had Sir William's acceptance of a brief for Ismail Pasha, and his curious defence of that curious transaction. Both sides listened in dead silence as Sir William explained that it was only his "chaff," and next day the *Times* had not a word to say for its indiscreet advocate. Curiously enough, Sir William's worst appearances are in public life. Privately he is popular. He is good-natured, tells a racy story well, bears no signs of his clerical training—he was once, and for a brief period, a Curate—has travelled, and knows men and the world. He is very anxious to get a Judgeship, and has not hesitated to make his desires known to Lord Halsbury and the Premier. He is not remarkable as a lawyer, but he is an effective speaker, with a clear resonant voice. He may not end his career on the Bench, but he will always be popular at dinner-tables.

The Rumoured Dissolution.

Somebody said to me the other day that the Ayr Election would stop all the talk of a dissolution. It may stop the talk, but it does not follow

SIR W. T. MARRIOTT, M.P.,
JUDGE ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

that it will stop the thing. On the contrary, the fact that the Conservative candidate won is, in some measure, an argument for dissolution. The only point is that he did not win by a large enough majority. If Mr. Somervell had been elected by, say, 630, instead of 130, I fancy we might be nearer a dissolution than a good many wiseacres imagine.

Boating Men.

Dulce est desipere in loco—in other words, sport it is to go to the Boat-race. As I steamed up the river I thought—and was afterwards reminded by a brace of articles in the *English Illustrated*—of the many politicians who had done well on the river. Sir Richard Webster was a famous oar in his time. Sir Charles Dilke rows to-day as well as he did when he was spare man in the Cambridge boat. Sir Edward Clarke is too small to be an oar, but he sculls Oxford nicely. Two Judges — Mr. Justice Chitty and Lord Justice Macnaghten — were 'Varsity oars, and the latter rowed three times in the Oxford boat, being bow and stroke. Bishop Wordsworth and Dean Merivale of Ely were both in the first 'Varsity race that was ever rowed—in 1829—more than sixty years ago. Mr. Grenfell, the Liberal candidate for Windsor, was one of the finest oars of his day. Mr. Grenfell was president of the O.U.B.C., and frequently coached the Oxford boat. Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, the gentleman who writes the companion article—in the *English Illustrated*—on Mr. Grenfell, is also a Liberal candidate, and a distinguished oar. The name of M. Waddington, Ambassador and Cambridge oar, also occurs.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

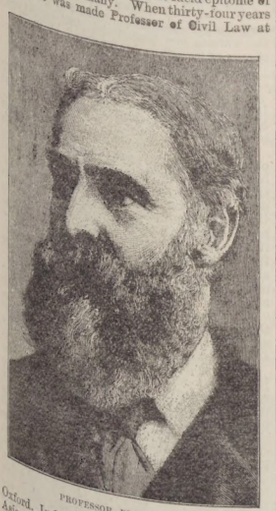
The Welcome Easter Holidays

come as a boon and a blessing to all sorts and conditions of men—in a position to enjoy the Spring period of rest and change—and to no section of the community is the brief cessation of work more keenly appreciated than by the Lords and Commons. Why, they separate, our legislators do, like so many schoolboys! There was Lord Kimberley, for example, the other day, with a rakish tilt to his hat while he was chatting and joking with Lord Coleridge, the right honourable giant, and his comely young wife at the Private View of the British Artists, last Saturday afternoon. While the Earl of Kimberley was bright and buoyant in his holiday frame of mind (there is nothing in the Lords appears to be wanting after all), I have no doubt the Marquis of Salisbury, only recently recovered from a weakening attack of influenza, was as joyous as a statesman who couples the duties of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary can well be in leaving town and Europe day for the bright sunshine and exhilarating air of the Riviera, where it is a pleasure simply to breathe at this period of the year. Somewhat delightful are many nooks of Old England, even in this mutable Springtime. I am glad to see that Mr. Gladstone is to seek recuperation and rest in the inland beauties of England, having been invited to spend a part of the Easter Recess at Aston Clinton, Buckinghamshire. Why should Englishmen generally renew their health in other charming resorts as Bournemouth or Eastbourne, the Isle of Wight or Ilfracombe? Home health ought certainly to have the preference over foreign towns.

Professor Bryce.

The publication of a cheaper edition of Mr. James Bryce's "American Commonwealth" (2 vols.: Macmillan) tempts me to say a few words about him—not as Member of Parliament for Aberdeen and a politician, but as a writer of books. He was born in Belfast, of a Scotch father and an Ulster mother, in May 1838, and was educated at the High School and at the University of Glasgow, and gained a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. At Oxford, in 1863, he created quite a furore by his Prize Essay on "The Holy Roman Empire." This essay was afterwards expanded into a substantial

volume, which remains the most lucid epitome of the history of Germany. When thirty-four years of age he was made Professor of Civil Law at

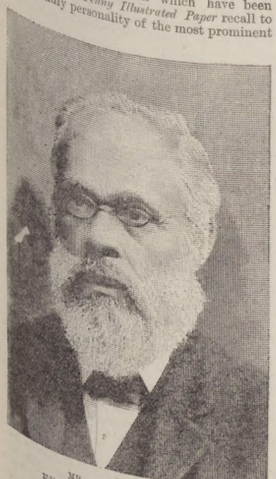


PROFESSOR BRYCE, M.P.

Oxford. In 1876 he went to Russia and to Western Asia, where he was the first, so far as is known, to climb Mount Ararat—an event commemorated in his "Transcaucasia and Ararat." And now we have "The American Commonwealth," a book which one is glad to take up whenever one wants an hour of instructive and suggestive reading. Few people who go to America come back with any very clear idea of the working of its Constitution, and the result is this book, which will give a better idea than any other of the social conditions and party organisations which prevail across the Atlantic.

A Norfolk Editor.

The articles on Norwich which have been appearing in the *Penny Illustrated Paper* recall to me the kindly personality of the most prominent



MR. JAMES SPILLING,
Editor of the "Eastern Daily Press."
From a Photograph by Shrubsole, Norwich.

journalists of Norwich, Mr. James Spilling. Mr. Spilling was born in Ipswich, and for twenty years or more he has been editor of the *Eastern Daily Press*, a singularly well-edited paper, with an immense circulation in the Eastern Counties. Mr. Spilling is not only an editor but an author, that, I suppose, is the destiny of most who hold this august position. What editor is there that has not perpetrated his volume of some sort—or others than editors—can boast of either stories or his three-volumed novel! But surely that their books have sold to the number of a million. This has been Mr. Spilling's experience with his "Giles's Trip to London," "Arriet at Yarmouth," and some dozen stippenny booklets which have for years past afforded everyone an abundance of healthy fun. Then the editor of the *Eastern Daily Press* has shown that there is a time for seriousness as well as for mirth, and he has written many sober treatises and stories for the Swedenborgian Society, of which interesting denomination he is one of the most gifted members. Mr. Spilling has also been an inspiration to numbers of young journalists, one at least of whom, after commencing life in a Norwich newspaper office, is now making his way to the front.

Maundy Thursday.

That most gloomy of buildings, the Chapel Royal, Whitehall—only relieved, as a rule, by the gorgeous ceiling of Peter Paul Rubens—looked all alive on Thursday, when the time-honoured Maundy ceremony took place, under the direction of the Bishop of Ely, Lord High Almoner. The romance of Maundy, as it might be called, is too long a story for me to tell here. From the time of St. Augustine, it is said, the washing of the feet of the poor has been a ceremony of Christianity. It still survives in the Greek Church, in Rome, and in Austria, but our own land, at least, has hit upon a characteristic method of dispensing with it. James I. was the last British monarch to wash his subjects' feet, but the most interesting experience of the kind in this country was that of Queen Elizabeth, who, when thirty-nine years of age, washed the feet of thirty-nine poor women at Greenwich. Her Majesty knelt upon a cushion, washed the feet of her subjects in a basin, and, after drying, made the sign of the cross upon them. We are, however, assured that the feet had been well washed beforehand with warm water and sweet herbs. Money was the salve which rendered the washing ceremony out of date, and hence the Maundy coin—silver pennies, twopennies, threepennies, and fourpennies, all yearly coined at the Mint for the purpose. The recipients of the Queen's Maundy bounty are carefully and conscientiously selected from decayed tradespeople by

MAUNDY MONEY.

Mr. H. J. Bidwell,

the Lord High Almoner's courteous and obliging secretary. To each of the old people is given a white purse containing Maundy money to the amount of as many pence as the Queen is years of age. Needless to say that on leaving the church these coins are disposed of for more than ten times their denominated value to enterprising collectors of curios.

The King's Cloak.

But there is yet another purse which I observe is handed to the poor recipient of her Majesty's bounty, and this purse is red. What does it signify? It contains £1 10s. in lieu of provisions—i.e. bread and beef and codfish, which, even so late as the reign of William IV., was given on this occasion, and it contains a sovereign which has a singular significance. In the old days it was customary for the King not only to wash the feet of the poor and feed them, even as the Pope still does, but to take off his valuable red cloak and separately clothe each pauper with it, redeeming his Royal garment by the gift of the 20s. in question. Truly a strange relic of old-world customs is this Maundy distribution on the eve of every Good Friday!

A Gallery of Good Paintings

always makes me wish I were a millionaire, or thereabouts, in order that I might buy one or two of the pictures that fill me with admiration. The last two Saturdays of March found me at the excellent little Spring Exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (where some bargains may be picked up for the adornment of your walls); and at the really capital Picture Show of the British Artists in Suffolk-street. At the latter Exhibition, I was glad to note there were but few traces of Whistlerism. There were several remarkably cheap paintings, possession of which (secured in a legitimate way) would add to the pleasures of life. Give me a writing-room embellished with a little blue-and-white china, and some of the radiant landscapes and seascapes to be bought inexpensively at the British Artists', and a good garden to look out upon for inspiration, and I fancy I could weave many a bright literary web I have thought of in odd moments. But what has this to do with the Private View of the British Artists? Were it my task to emulate the work of my accomplished sisters of the pen, I should say the prettiest lady and the most daintily gowned in the crowded galleries was sylphlike Miss Wand, who has lately, under another name, made a most promising first appearance on the stage in "Clarissa." But as that is not my vocation, and as space is waning, I must make haste to say that

"The Heir Presumptive,"

by Mr. Charles E. Marshall, struck me as being one of the best figure-subjects in the collection—well designed, humorously treated, and beautifully painted. Delicious is the Old Master-like attention with which the aged grandfather scrutinises the babe, as if it were a bit of old china. Knowing how uninteresting a long dry catalogue of the pictures usually is, I hold my hand, and cordially recommend everyone fond of good pictures to visit the Spring Exhibition of the Society of British Artists.—THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Mdlle. Zelie de Lussan,
STAR OF THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.
From a Photograph by Falk, of New York.

Mr. Augustus Harris and his co-Directors of the Carl Rosa Opera Company (in which the widow of the late Carl Rosa still holds the chief interest) are to be cordially congratulated upon the engagement of Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan, the handsome American prima donna who is portrayed in the character of Carmen. It was in this fascinating part that Mdlle. De Lussan made her début, it will be remembered, in the Royal Italian Opera at Covent-Garden. She was an instant success, as the gay gipsy heroine of Georges Bizet's melodious Spanish opera: and I am sure we shall all be delighted to see and hear Mdlle. De Lussan's Carmen in English at Drury-Lane. But the Carl Rosa Opera Company will open at Old Drury this (Saturday) evening with the English version of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," which proved so attractive in Italian at the Covent-Garden revival last summer. In this sweet lyric rendering of Shakspere's great love-tragedy Mdlle. De Lussan will be the Juliet (and a dulcet Juliet, depend upon it) to the Romeo of the popular Irish tenor Mr. Barton M'Guckin. Mr. F. H. Celli should make a fine, manly Mercutio; Signor Abramoff, a dignified Friar; and Mr. John Child, Mr. Max Eugene, and Miss Kate Drew a capable Tybalt, Capulet, and Stephano. Mr. Augustus Harris, who mounts opera in the grandest style, promises Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" on Easter Monday afternoon, and "Carmen," with Mdlle. De Lussan as the fickle heroine, on Monday night; "Faust" following on Tuesday night.

The Lyceum, closed for the whole of Passion Week, will be reopened by Mr. Irving with "The Dead Heart," grandest play on the London stage, on Easter Monday night. Our foremost actor-manager promises matinées of this impressive drama, on the three remaining Saturdays of April; the evening performances on those dates being devoted to "The Bells," in which Mr. Irving plays his psychological masterpiece. Easter is certain to see a fresh run on the intensely exciting and amusing Adelphi drama of "London Day by Day," which enlivens everyone who sees it. Mrs. Langtry, still starring as Rosalind in "As You Like It" at the St. James's, pays Mr Horace Lennard the compliment to read the opening poem at the New Theatre, Richmond, on Easter Monday. "Esther Sandraz" will probably be Mrs. Langtry's next piece at the St. James's. So Mr. Sydney Grundy will soon have three plays running simultaneously in town—"A Pair of Spectacles," drawing "All London," to Mr. Hare's gratification, to the Garrick; "Esther Sandraz," at the St. James's; and "A Village Priest," which powerful new piece, due at the Haymarket on Thursday, presents Mr. Tree in a splendid character, and Mr. Fernandez as a convict. Doffing the potter's garments in Mr. H. A. Jones's moving drama of "The Middleman," Mr. E. S. Willard appears likewise as a convict to-night at the Shaftesbury in Mr. A. Law's new drama of "Dick Venables." While "Master and Man" yet runs at the Princess's, Miss Grace Hawthorne is drawing excellent houses in the provinces with "Theodora."

The new Tyrolean spectacular ballet "Zanetta" is a fresh artistic triumph for M. Jacobi, Signor Casati, M. and Madame Alias, and the unrivalled corps de ballet at the Alhambra. An Alhambra programme which boasts two such magnificent terpsichorean masterpieces as "Asmodeus" and "Zanetta," one of the briskest choreographic romances I have ever witnessed, amply justifies the title the Alhambra enjoys of being the grandest ballet theatre in Europe. Especially *chic* and charming is Miss Minnie Thurgate in "Zanetta," which has a most beautiful mountain scene by Mr. T. E. Ryan, and also presents spirited dancers in Mdlles. Vergé, Roffey, clever little Rosa, and sparkling Miss Phillips, promoted the night of my visit, by the way, to a *pas seul* (much encored) in "Asmodeus," which now goes better than ever, grace to the abandon of Bessone, Minnie Thurgate, and Vincenti. Well done, Morton!

So vastly has Miss Kate Vaughan improved as a histrionic artist that I am not at all surprised to hear that this dainty and pretty comédienne, sparkling and *chic*, draws large audiences in every town she graces with her presence. She has lately been enchanting Brighton with her sprightly acting in "The Country Girl" and in Mr. Hermann Vezin's adaptation of "The Little Viscount." Her arch vivacity and mercurial spirits in the latter lively piece carried all before them. And when her attractive impersonation of the adventurous Viscount has been capped by her indescribably bewitching monologue dansante, "How it Happened," in which she waltzes as only Kate Vaughan can waltz, she has fairly, and quite deservedly, "brought down the house." Supremely charming herself, Kate Vaughan has the wisdom to surround herself with an exceptionally effective company, notable members of which are Mr. H. J. Lethcourt, Mr. Campbell Bradley, Mr. W. Farren jun., and Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, who has within the past six months proved his versatility by

MISS KATE VAUGHAN.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Downey, Khury-street, S.W.

playing totally dissimilar parts in "Ben-my-Chree" and "The Silver King," by shining as Jean de Lusac in "Hands Across the Seas," and now as the foppish Baron in Kate Vaughan's "Little Viscount" company. Hard work is the best way to secure success in any vocation.

The Crystal Palace provides the customary Good Friday Concert in the Handel Orchestra, and the usual strong bill of fare for the Easter holidays.

Easter Monday holiday-makers may also like to know that the Opéra Comique gives a matinée of the tuneful "Bells of Corneville." I can strongly recommend a visit to the remarkably interesting Cyclorama Hall at 84, Oxford-street, where some surprisingly realistic views of the Paris Exhibition and of the Rhine may be seen and admired. These "Optical Tours," to be varied occasionally, should prove a standing attraction at 84, Oxford-street. I must offer my sincere felicitations to Miss Vane Featherston on the hit she made at Toole's in "Pedigree," an amusing new comedy by MM. Clement Bowring and F. H. Court; likewise to Miss Sylvia Grey, the graceful Gaiety danseuse, for her highly promising appearance as the naïve *ingénue* of the same piece, which is well worth pruning for evening production. Miss Cissy Grahame is to be plumed on having run Mr. Jerome's diverting play "New Lamps for Old" for fifty nights. The occasion was celebrated last Saturday night by the production of the pathetic one-act play of "For Her Child's Sake," by the late Sir Charles Young, as a curtain-raiser.

THESPIS.

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide. 229 pages (3 stamps) "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (Reg.), 186, Euston-road, London.—[Advt.]

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

Worms in Children.—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using Keating's Worm Tablets. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[Advt.]

BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

Published by permission of, and special arrangement with, the Proprietors of "The Illustrated London News."

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER LVIII.

A REFUGE.

IT was all over. Iris had sent in her money. She was in a small lodging found for her by Fanny Mere, who called her cousin. She stayed indoors all day long, afraid of stirring abroad; afraid to read the papers; afraid that her husband was arrested on the charge of conspiracy and fraud; afraid that some kind of hue and cry might be out after her.

Therefore, when she heard a manly step on the stair, she started and turned pale, expecting nothing short of an armed messenger of the law. She never was in this danger for a single minute, but conscience made a coward of her.

The step was that of Hugh Mountjoy.

"I found you out," he said, "by means of Fanny. The girl knew that she was safe in letting me know your secret. Why are you in concealment?"

"You cannot know all or you would not ask me that."

"I do know all; and again I ask, why are you in concealment?"

"Because—— Oh, Hugh—spare me!"

"I know all, which is the reason why I cannot choose but come to see you. Come out of this poor place; resume your own name. There is no reason why you should not. You were not present at Passy when this conspiracy was hatched; you got there after the funeral. You, naturally, went to see the family solicitors. Iris, what has the conspiracy to do with you?" It will be observed that Hugh had not read the letter written to the Directors of the Company.

"Do you know about the money?"

"Certainly. You sent back all that you could—five thousand pounds. That showed your own innocence"——

"Hugh, you know that I am guilty."

"The world will think that you are innocent. At any rate, you can come out and go about without fear. Tell me, what are your plans?"

"I have no plans. I only want to hide my head—somewhere."

"Yes; we will talk about that presently. Meantime, I have some news for you."

"News? What news?"

"Really good news. I have to tell you a thing which will surprise you."

"Good news? What good news is there for me?"

"Your husband has sent back the whole of the money."

Iris heaved a profound sigh.

"Then he is safe?" she said.

"You think of him first," said Hugh, jealously.

"Yes; he is safe; and, I do hope, gone away, out of the country, never to come back any more. The more important thing is that you should be safe from him. As for the doctor—but I cannot speak of the doctor with common patience. Let him be left to the end which always awaits such men. It is to be hoped that he will never, wherever he goes, feel himself in safety."

"I am safe," said Iris, "not only from my husband, but from what else beside? You know what I mean. You mean that I, as well as my husband, am safe from that. Oh! the fear of it has never left me—never for one moment. You tell me that I am safe from public disgrace, and I rejoice, when I ought to sink into the earth with shame!" She covered her face with her hands.

"Iris, we know what you have done. We also know why you did it. What need we say more? The thing is finished and done with. Let us never again allude to it. The question now is—what will you do next? Where will you live?"

"I do not know. I have got Fanny Mere with me. Mrs. Vimpany is also anxious to live with me. I am rich, indeed, since I have two faithful dependants and one friend."

"In such wealth, Iris, you will always be rich. Now listen seriously. I have a villa in the country. It is far away from London, in the Scottish Lowlands—quite out of the way—remote even from tourists and travellers. It is a very lonely place, but a pretty house, with a great garden behind and a stretch of sand and seashore in front. There one may live completely isolated. I offer you that villa for your residence. Take it and live in it as long as you please."

"No, no. I must not accept such a gift."

"You must, Iris—you shall. I ask it of you as a proof of friendship, and nothing more. Only, I fear that you will get tired of the loneliness."

"No—no," she said. "I cannot get tired of loneliness: it is all I want."

"There is no society at all."

"Society? Society for me?"

"I go to the neighbourhood sometimes for fishing. You will let me call upon you?"

"Who else has such a right?"

"Then you will accept my offer?"

"I feel that I must. Yes, Hugh; yes, with deepest gratitude."

The next day she went down by the night-mail to Scotland. With her travelled Mrs. Vimpany and Fanny Mere.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE INVINCIBLES.

The proceedings of Lord Harry after he had sent off that cheque were most remarkable. If he had invited—actually courted—what followed—he could not have acted differently.

He left London and crossed over to Dublin.

Arrived there, he went to a small hotel entirely frequented by Irish Americans and their friends. It was suspected of being the principal place of resort of the Invincibles. It was known to be a house entirely given up to the Nationalists. He made no attempt to conceal his name. He entered the hotel, greeted the landlord cheerfully, saluted the head waiter, ordered his dinner, and took no notice of the sullen looks with which he was received or the scowls which followed him about the coffee-room, where half a dozen men were sitting and talking, for the most part in whispers.

He slept there that night.

The next day, still openly and as if there was nothing to fear, either from England or from Ireland, he walked to the station and took his ticket, paying no attention to what all the world might have seen and understood—that he was watched. When he had taken his ticket two men immediately afterwards took tickets for the same place. The place where he was going was that part of Kerry where the Invincibles had formerly assassinated Arthur Mountjoy.

The two men who followed him—who took their tickets for the same place—who got into the same carriage with him—were two members of that same fraternity.

In the afternoon, about an hour before sunset, the train arrived at the station where Lord Harry was to get down. The station-master recognised him, and touched his hat. Then he saw the two other men get down after him, and he turned pale.

"I will leave my portmanteau," said Lord Harry, "in the cloak-room. It will be called for."

Afterwards the station-master remembered

"Arthur Mountjoy's murderer!" he cried, and sprang at his throat.

these words. Lord Harry did not say "I will call for it," but "It will be called for." Ominous words.

The weather was cold; a drizzling rain fell; the day was drawing in. Lord Harry left the station, and started with quick step along the road, which stretched across a dreary, desolate piece of country.

The two men walked after him. One presently quickened his step, leaving the second man twenty yards behind.

The station-master looked after them till he could see them no longer. Then he shook his head and returned to his office.

Lord Harry, walking along the road, knew that the two men were following him. Presently he became aware that one of them was quickening his pace.

He walked on. Perhaps his cheeks paled and his lips were set close, because he knew that he was walking to his death.

The steps behind him approached faster—faster. Lord Harry never even turned his head. The man was close behind him. The man was beside him.

"Mickey O'Flynn it is," said Lord Harry.

"'Tis a —— traitor you are," said the man.

"Your friends the Invincibles told you that, Mickey. Why, do you think I don't know, man, what you are here for? Well?" he stopped. "I am unarmed. You have got a revolver in your hand—the hand behind your back. What are you stopping for?"

"I cannot," said the man.

"You must, Mickey O'Flynn—you must: or it 's murdered you 'll be yourself," said Lord Harry, coolly. "Why, man, 'tis but to lift your hand. And then you 'll be a murderer for life. I am another—we shall both be murderers then. Why don't you fire, man?"

"By—— I cannot!" said Mickey. He held the revolver behind him, but he did not lift his arm. His eyes stared; his mouth was open: the horror of the murder was upon him before the murder was committed. Then he started. "Look!" he cried. "Look behind you, my lord!"

Lord Harry turned. The second man was upon him. He bent forward and peered in his face.

"Arthur Mountjoy's murderer!" he cried, and sprang at his throat.

One, two, three shots rang out in the evening air. Those who heard them in the roadside cabin, at the railway-station on the road, shuddered. They knew the meaning of those shots.

Lord Harry laid dead in the middle of the road.

The second man got up and felt at his throat.

"Faith!" he said, "I thought I was murdered outright. Come, Mick, let us drag him to the roadside."

They did so, and then, with bent heads and slouched hats, they made their way across country to another station where they would not be recognised as the two who had followed Lord Harry down the road.

Two mounted men of the Constabulary rode along an hour later and found the body lying where it had been left.

They searched the pockets. They found a purse with a few sovereigns; the portrait of a lady—the murdered man's wife—a sealed envelope addressed to Hugh Mountjoy, Esq., care of his London hotel; and a card-case: nothing of any importance.

"It is Lord Harry Norland," said one. "The wild lord—he has met his end at last."

The letter to Iris was brief. It said:—

"Farewell! I am going to meet the death of one who is called a Traitor to the Cause. I am the Traitor of a Cause far higher. May the end that is already plotted for me be accepted as an atonement! Forgive me, Iris! Think of me as kindly as you can. But I charge you—it is my latest word—mourn not for one who has done his best to poison your life and to ruin your soul."

In the other letter he said:—

"I know the affection you have always entertained for Iris. She will tell you what she pleases about the past. If she tells you nothing about her late husband, think the worst and you will not be wrong. Remember that whatever she has done was done for me and at my instigation. She ought to have married you instead of me.

"I am in the presence of Death. The men who are going to kill me are under this very roof. They will kill me perhaps to-night. Perhaps they will wait for a quieter and a safer place. But they will kill me.

"In the presence of Death, I rise superior to the pitiful jealousy with which I have always regarded you. I despise it. I ask your pardon for it. Help Iris to forget the action of her life of which she has most reason to be ashamed. Show that you forgive me—when you have forgiven her—and when you have helped her in the warmth and strength of your love to drive me out of your thoughts for ever. "H. N."

EPILOGUE.

It is two years after the murder of Lord Harry Norland, the last event connected with this history.

Iris, when she accepted Hugh Mountjoy's offer of his Scotch villa, went there resolved to hide herself from the world. Too many people had thought, knew her history, and what she had done. It was not likely that the Directors of the Insurance Company would all hold their tongues about a scandal so very unusual. Even if they did not charge her with complicity—as they could—they would certainly tell the story—all the more readily since Lord Harry's murder—of the conspiracy and its success. She could never again, she told herself, be seen in the world.

She was accompanied by her friend and maid—the woman whose fidelity to her had been so abundantly proved—and by Mrs. Vimpany, who acted as housekeeper.

After a decent interval, Hugh Mountjoy joined her. She was now a widow. She understood very well what he wished to say, and she anticipated him. She informed him that nothing would ever induce her to become the wife of any other man after her degradation. Hugh received this intimation without a remark. He remained in the neighbourhood, however, calling upon her frequently and offering no word of love. Then he became necessary to her. The frequent visits became daily; the afternoon visits were paid in the morning; the visitor stayed all day. At last the time came for Iris to yield, and he left the house no more, there seemed to be no end to it. But still they continued their retired life, as they now I do not think that they will ever change it again.

Their villa was situated on the north shore of the Solway Firth, close to the outfall of the Annan River, but on the west bank, opposite to the little town of Annan. A large garden: the front looked out upon the stretch of sand at low tide and the water at high tide. The house was provided with a small library. Iris attended to her garden, walked on the sands, read, or worked. They were a small household. Husband and wife talked little. They walked about in the garden, his arm about her waist, or hand in hand. The past, it seemed, forgotten, was ceasing to trouble them: it seemed a dreadful, terrible dream. It left its mark on a gentle melancholy which had never belonged to Iris in the old days.

And then happened the last event which the chronicler of this history has to relate.

It began in the morning with a letter.

Mrs. Vimpany received it. She knew the handwriting, started, and hid it quickly in her bosom. As soon as she could get away to her own room she opened and read it. The letter contained a cold-blooded threat to denounce Iris to the Insurance Company.

Mrs. Vimpany dropped the letter in dismay. Her husband had vanished out of her life for more than two years. She hoped that she was effectually hidden; she hoped that he had gone away to some far-off country where he would never more return. Alas! This world of ours has no far-off country left, and, even if there is, the man turneth away from his wickedness so as to go to the Rocky Mountains, an express-train and a swift boat will bring him back to his wickedness whenever he desires a little more enjoyment and the society of his old friends.

Mr. Vimpany was back again. What should she do? What would Iris do? What would Mr. Mountjoy do?

She read the letter again.

Two things were obvious: first, that he had no clue of the restitution; and, next, that he had no idea of the evidence against him for the murder of the Dane. She resolved to continue the latter fact only. She was braver now than she had been formerly. She saw more clearly that the way of the wicked man is not always so easy for him. If he knew that he would certainly be charged with murder if he dared to show himself, or if he asked for money, he would desist. Before such a danger the most hardened villain would shrink.

She also understood that it was desirable to hide from him the nature of the evidence and the name of the only witness against him. She would calmly tell him what would happen, and bid him begone, or take the consequences.

Yet even if he were driven off he would return. She would live henceforth in continual apprehension of his return. Her tranquillity was gone.

Heavens! That a man should have such power over the lives of others!

She passed the most wretched day of her whole life. She saw in anticipation the happiness of that household broken up. She pictured his coming, but she could not picture his departure. For she had never seen him baffled and defeated. He would come in, big, burly, with his former, like manner: confident, bullying, masterful. He would ask her what she had done: he would swear at her when he learned that she had done nothing; he would throw himself into the most comfortable chair, stretch out his legs, and order her to go and fetch Mr. Mountjoy. Would she be subdued by him as of old? For the find the courage to stand up to him? For the sake of Iris—yes. For the sake of the man who had been so kind to her—yes.

In the evening the two women—Mrs. Vimpany and Fanny—were seated in the housekeeper's room. Both had work in their laps: neither was doing any work. The autumnal day had been boisterous; the wind was getting higher.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Fanny.

"I was thinking of my husband. If he

were to come back, Fanny—if he were to threaten"—

"You would loose my tongue—you would let me speak?"

"Yes; for her sake. I would have shielded him once—if I could. But not now. I know, at last, that there is no single good thing left in him."

"You have heard from him. I saw the letter this morning, in the box. I knew the handwriting. I have been waiting for you to speak."

"Hush! Yes, Fanny; I have heard from him. He wants money. He will come here to-morrow morning, and will threaten Mr. Mountjoy. Keep your mistress in her own room. Persuade her to lie in bed—anything."

"He does not know what I have seen. Charge him with the murder of the Dane. Tell him," said Fanny, her lips stiffening, "that, if he dares to come again—if he does not go away—he shall be arrested for murder. I will keep silence no longer!"

"I will—I am resolved! Oh! who will rid us of this monster?"

Outside the gale rose higher—higher still. They heard it howling, grinding branches

They walked about in the garden, his arm around her waist.

together; they heard the roaring and the rushing of the waters as the rising tide was driven over the shallow sands, like a mountain reservoir at loose among the valleys below.

In the midst of the tempest there came a sudden lull. Wind and water alike seemed hushed. And at the lull, as if in answer to the woman's question—there came a loud cry—the shriek of a man in deadly peril.

The two women caught each other by the hand and rushed to the window. They threw it open: the tempest began again; a fresh gust drove them back; the waters roared; they heard the voice no more. They closed the window and put up the shutters.

It was long past midnight when they dared to go to bed. One of them lay awake the whole night long. In the roaring tempest she had seen an omen of the wrath of Heaven about to fall once more upon her mistress.

She was wrong. The wrath of Heaven fell upon one far more guilty.

In the morning, with the ebbing tide, a dead body was found lashed to the posts of one of the standing nets in the Solway. It was recognised by Hugh, who went out to look at it, and found it was the body of Vimpany.

Whether he was on his way back to Annan, or whether he intended to call at the villa that evening instead of next morning, no one can tell. His wife shed tears, but they were tears of relief. The man was buried as a stranger. Hugh kept his counsel. Mrs. Vimpany put the letter in the fire. Neither of them thought it wise to disturb the mind of Iris by any mention of the man. Some days later, however, Mrs. Vimpany came downstairs in a widow's cap.

To Iris's look of interrogation she replied calmly, "Yes. I heard the other day. He is dead. Is it not better—even for him, perhaps—that he should be dead? He can do no more wickedness; he can bring misery into no more households. He is dead."

Iris made no reply. Better—better far—that he was dead. But how she had been delivered from the man, to what new dangers she had been exposed, she knew not, and will never know.

She has one secret—and only one—which she keeps from her husband. In her desk she preserves a lock of Lord Harry's hair. Why? I know not. Blind Love doth never wholly die.

THE END.

NEW STORY BY WALTER BESANT.

In the "Penny Illustrated Paper" for Saturday next will be commenced a Romance of To-day by Walter Besant, entitled "Armorel of Lyonesse," beautifully illustrated by Fred. Barnard.

The Royal Victoria Gardens, North Woolwich (where East-Enders used to dance under the auspices of Mr. William Holland), have been thrown open to the public. The ground covers eleven and a half acres, and has been purchased for £19,000. In one respect the Victoria Gardens resemble Battersea Park, having a fine front to the river.

Easter Holiday Trips.—North, south, east, and west the railway companies announce cheap trips for the Easter Holidays. The London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway Company, for example, will issue cheap tickets from Fenchurch-street, Stepney, Bromley, Plaistow, Upton Park, East Ham, and Barking to Southend, Rosherville Gardens, and Gravesend, by all trains on Easter Sunday and Monday.

Though you—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What Hudson's
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a perfect colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT of Soap—pure dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's Extract leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

GARDENING IN SEASON

BY OUR OWN GARDENER.

Sweet April,

the month of sunshine and showers, is come again! Already the lilacs, even in the streets and squares of smoky London, are fast bursting into leaf, and by the time these lines appear in print the fat black chestnut-buds will be rapidly developing into "the perfect fan." That earliest and loveliest of flowering trees, the rosy-blossomed

Almond,

is now fast fading, after having gladdened our eyes with its beauty: this charming tree flowers nearly as freely in a London square as in the country, though the flowers are not so fine or so delicate and rich in colour. In many a woodland lane and hedgerow the primroses are blooming by thousands, while a short search among the lush-green leaves will be rewarded with a handful of fragrant violets, blue or rosy and white. Those who like to see their grounds or fields bright with

Primroses

in the spring should invest in a good packet of seed, and sow it at once either on a moist and shady border, or in a shaded frame, and set out the plants where they are wanted as soon as they are large enough. For the decoration of the flower garden many beautiful coloured forms may be obtained from a packet of mixed hybrids of this charming flower.

This is a busy month with those who "love a garden," and we must work early and late to do what ought to be done day by day. In the

Flower Garden

the last of the roses must be pruned, as they are now growing fast. Tea-scented kinds that have passed the winter in a sheltered corner should be very carefully planted out at once, and hybrid perpetuals may still be turned out of pots, but they must be kept moist at the root.

Hardy Annuals

sown last month, or earlier, will now be up and growing. To obtain fine plants and flowers, these must be thinned out well. Nine tenths of the annuals that are sown are ruined by being overcrowded: cornflowers, chrysanthemums, helichrysums, and some others ought to stand, at least, from 6 in. to 1 foot apart, and if allowed more space still will form quite large bushes, while even the smallest should not stand closer than 2 or 3 in. apart. The thinnings of most varieties may be successfully transplanted, but mignonette, eschscholtzias, and some others with long taproots will not stand it.

Asters,

stocks, zinnias, French and African marigolds, and several other half-hardy annuals must be sown at once: this may be done either in a frame over a very gentle hotbed or in boxes placed on a shelf in the greenhouse. Do not cover the seeds deeply, but keep the soil just moist, and shade from hot sunshine until the tiny plants appear. As soon as those can be handled they must be "pricked off" singly into either another frame, shallow boxes, or sheltered nursery-beds.

Carnations

that have been wintered in frames must be planted out where they are to flower at once. They enjoy a deep and moderately rich loamy soil, but this must be made very firm about the roots, and care be taken that it contains no wireworms. Seedling carnations are wonderfully floriferous, and a packet of the best seed procurable should be sown at once, either in a frame or in a box under glass.

The Greenhouse

is now very gay with cinerarias, azaleas, early roses, tulips, hyacinths, genistas, zonal pelargoniums, arum lilies, &c. Pot on tuberous begonias as they grow, and prick off and transplant the seedlings frequently.

In the Fruit Garden,

peaches on walls are in full bloom, and must be protected by means of nets, mats, or glass on cold nights, but expose them as much as possible to the beneficent influences of sun or air. Commence to thin out the shoots as soon as growth commences; five or six inches apart is quite close enough for the shoots of peaches to stand. Plants under glass will have set their fruit, and must be kept moist at the roots, or they will drop. Thin out the shoots to two only on each one of last year, and, should the fruit have set thickly, thin those out also to about six inches apart.

Vines

under glass are growing rapidly, and must have the shoots thinned out (by degrees) to one or two at most on each spur. Stop those that are left at one or two leaves beyond the fruit, as soon as this can be done. Thin the bunches in the early house, and take care not to overcrop the plants. Plant young canes both indoors and out; for cool treatment the borders are best outside, but if any forcing is to be done they should be made in the house; drain well, and make the border only half or a third of the ultimate width at first.

Strawberries

grown in pots under glass must be abundantly supplied with liquid manure while the fruit is swelling, but keep them drier and expose to plenty of sun and air as soon as it begins to turn colour and develop substance and flavour. Plants that have done fruiting should be hardened off and planted out of doors, when they will give a second crop in the autumn. Apple and pear trees must be grafted at once, but leave cherries and plums to be budded in July or August.

Vegetable Garden.

Sticks should be placed to peas directly they appear above ground, and the rows be dusted with ashes and soot or lime, to protect them from slugs. Sow plenty of main and late crop varieties—a few of the best being G. T. Milson, Veitch's Perfection, Telephone, Stratagem, and Ne Plus Ultra—thinly in wide shallow drills, and allow plenty of space between the rows, cropping the intervening spaces with spinach, lettuce, cabbages, &c. Make any

Failures

among seeds sown last month good, and towards the middle of the month sow a bed of scorzonera, salsify, and beet. Sow some seed of New Zealand spinach in pots in a hotbed. A very few plants of this will yield a lot of foliage, and they never run to seed. Some

Dwarf or French Beans

may shortly be sown under glass, to plant out at the end of the month, and a good sowing of these and scarlet-runners the last week.

Winter Greens

should be sown now in variety, such as savoys, kale, broccoli, cabbage, and more brussels sprouts for late use.

Plant main-crop potatoes, and also asparagus seedlings. Pot off tomatoes for the out-of-door crop, and plant others out under glass, training them strictly to a single stem.

B. C. R.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

HER Majesty the Queen found it beautiful Spring weather when she arrived, with Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and suite, on March 26, at the pleasant French health-resort of Aix-les-Bains, which was fully depicted and described in the *Penny Illustrated Paper* of March 29. The Queen was cordially welcomed as she was driven to the Villa Mottet, a sketch of which appeared in our page of Illustrations last week.

I hear, says *Truth*, that the Queen has, after all, decided to build the villa at Aix-les-Bains for which the plans were drawn nearly three years ago. The ground which her Majesty then purchased was offered for sale when the project was abandoned, but she has never been able to get rid of it, and if certain trifling obstacles can be overcome the work will be commenced this summer.

The Queen is to return to Windsor Castle from Aix-les-Bains on April 18 or 19, and on or about May 22 she is to proceed to Balmoral for a month.

Her Majesty undergoes the massage treatment daily during her stay at Aix, and Princess Beatrice is to take a course of the baths and waters.

The International Labour Conference called together by the Emperor William in Berlin appears to create almost universal satisfaction. The Pope has addressed a letter to the German Emperor expressing his hearty approval of the objects of the gathering.—General Von Caprivi has taken up his residence in one of the wings of the Chancellor's palace. As Prince Bismarck was showing him through the rest of the building on March 26 (the day Berlin enthusiastically greeted Bismarck on his return from the Emperor's palace) the new Chancellor and his predecessor passed through the hall in which the Labour Conference was seated, bowing excuses for disturbing its deliberations. That evening the Empress Frederick invited the English delegates to meet the Prince of Wales at dinner.

A Scotch ballad, "An' ye sal walk in silk attire," is reported to be one of her Majesty's favourite songs.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George arrived at Coburg on March 28 from Berlin, and were received at the railway station by the Duke of Coburg, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Hesse, and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh.

The Prince of Wales drove from Coburg last Saturday afternoon to Rosenau Castle, the birthplace of his father. The Prince was due at Cannes on April 3.

The confirmation of Prince Alfred of Edinburgh took place at Coburg last Sunday in the Court Chapel, which is situated in one of the wings of the Grand Ducal Castle at Ehrenburg. The text taken by Dr. Mueller for his address was "Be true," Rev. ii. 10. Among the personages present at the ceremony were the Prince of Wales and Prince George, who represented Queen Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their daughters, the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, and the Hereditary Grand Duke Ernest Louis of Hesse. A banquet was given by the Duke of Coburg in honour of the occasion.

The King of the Belgians (while on his short visit to England) saw and greatly admired the Forth Bridge on March 28.

Prince Albert Victor left Bombay on March 28 on his return to England. His Royal Highness, in replying to a farewell address which was presented by the Municipal Council, said his journey had been one prolonged course of delight and instruction, and his expectations had been more than realised.

The Prince of Naples witnessed at Constantinople, on March 28, the procession of the Sultan to attend Divine service at the Mosque. The Sultan then joined his visitor, and together they watched the march-past of some seven thousand men, who constitute the garrison of Constantinople.

The Marquis of Salisbury, accompanied by Lady Gwendolen Cecil, left last Saturday to join the Marchioness of Salisbury on the Riviera. Earl and Countess Granville left town also on Saturday to visit the Hon. E. F. Leveson-Gower, at Holmbury, Dorking.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife for the second time witnessed the performance of "London Day by Day" at the Adelphi Theatre last Saturday evening.

It is announced by the *National Zeitung* that Prince Bismarck has finally declined the title of Duke of Lauenburg, which was conferred upon him by the Emperor on his retirement from office.

In the early afternoon of the 29th ult., an immense crowd of persons assembled in front of the ex-Chancellor's Berlin palace in the Wilhelmstrasse to witness the final departure of the Prince and his family from the official residence which has for so many years been their home.

Prince Bismarck, wearing the uniform of the Cuirassiers, drove away from the palace at five o'clock in an open carriage, which was followed by a second, with the Princess and the other members of his family.

As soon as the Prince appeared he was greeted with stormy enthusiasm by the people, who had gathered in thousands in the Wilhelmstrasse and along the route to the station to bid an enthusiastic farewell to the ex-Chancellor. The windows of the houses were also thronged with spectators, who greeted the passing of the Prince with an uninterrupted waving of handkerchiefs. The crowd was so dense that Prince Bismarck's carriage could only proceed at foot pace, and as the vehicle passed the people closed in behind and followed it to the station, along the entire way to which the cheering and hurrahs were maintained in one continuous roar.

At the railway station a squadron of Cuirassiers of the Guard, with a band, was drawn up on the platform in honour of the Prince; and among those gathered to bid him farewell were all the Ministers, the entire Diplomatic Corps, the high officials of the Court, and the State dignitaries, besides a number of Court personages. The press of the public at the station was immense, and perfect mountains of bouquets were piled up in the waiting-rooms, which had been gaily decorated in honour of the occasion. The Prince and Princess, after taking a hearty farewell of their assembled friends, entered the train, which steamed out of the station at twenty minutes to six, amid the loud cheers of the people and the strains of the military band.

A mass meeting of colonists has been held at St. John's, Newfoundland, to protest against the *modus vivendi* recently arrived at between France and Great Britain on the subject of the Newfoundland fisheries.

A devastating cyclone has swept over Louisville, the largest city and commercial metropolis of Kentucky, and other smaller Western towns of the United States. The latest estimate of the number of persons killed at Louisville amounts from 250 to 300. The storm broke upon the town with great suddenness, and made a path nearly a mile wide through three miles of the city. Houses were blown down as if built of cards. In several places the ruins caught fire, and the victims buried in the débris were burnt to death. The cyclone had been predicted by the Signal Service, but the people were totally unprepared for the calamity, all being engaged in their usual vocations.

The Berlin Labour Conference has ended its discussions. Its proposals deal with Sunday labour, labour in mines, and the labour of women, children, and young persons respectively.

The inquest on victims of the Llanerch Colliery explosion concluded in a verdict of accidental death. Riders were added strongly recommending the compulsory use of locked lamps.

Mr. Somervell, Conservative, was, on the 27th ult., declared elected for the Ayr Burghs by a majority of 130 over Mr. Routledge, the Liberal candidate. The Ministerialists thus recover the seat which the Liberals wrested from them in 1888.

Henry Finden Pullen, aged sixty-three years, a solicitor, was indicted at the Central Criminal Court for forgery in uttering a bill of exchange for £190. The prisoner was convicted, and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

The 9.45 express train from Liverpool to London had a marvellous escape on the 29th ult., near Lichfield. Some platelayers were repairing the permanent way, and two men were carrying a sleeper on their shoulders across the line. The express was travelling at great speed, and was close to the men before they knew their dangerous position. They dropped the sleeper across the rails and escaped themselves, and the express caught the sleeper and smashed it into matchwood. The engine was immediately stopped, but it was found little damaged, and proceeded on the journey.

Mr. Henry Irving has written as follows to a correspondent who called his attention to a rumour that he intended to contest the Thanet Division of Kent: "It would not be possible for any actor in the actual discharge of his calling to aspire to Parliamentary honours, as not only do the circumstances of his work forbid such a possibility, but that work itself needs a calmer atmosphere than is to be found in the strife of public needs and personal ambition of such a lofty kind."

A gipsy woman, named Smith, has been arrested at Peterborough on a charge of having obtained £100 from a young man of the expressive name of Juggins, on the pretence of telling his fortune.

The Agricultural Hall, famous for its Christmas cattle show and summer tournament, will shortly be drawing sportsmen to Islington with its Sporting Exhibition. Meantime, there has been held there a useful Engineers' and Builders' Exhibition, notable for the improvements in electric lighting, and also in gas lighting, which enterprise has been greatly stimulated by the rapid progress which has lately been made in electric lighting. Printing, woodworking, pneumatic, and other machinery was also shown in action; and there were displays by the inventors of fire-extinguishing appliances. A lively band discoursed lively music for the visitors.

THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Speaking of exhibitions, Edinburgh is to have a fine Electrical Exhibition this summer; and Leeds is to have an Engineering, Industrial, and Commercial Exhibition, with the Duke of Newcastle as President and Colonel North as Honorary Chairman, and Mr. Joseph Davis as General Manager.

London's chief exhibition this year will be the grand Military Exhibition at Chelsea, the promoters of which received from the Duke of Cambridge a timely hint as to judicious management. Mr. Whitley is persevering with the French Exhibition at Earl's Court, to be opened in May.

About ten thousand bootmakers—shoe-lasters and finishers—employed chiefly in East London, came out on strike last Saturday. The point in dispute between the men and masters was the workshop question. The lasters and finishers maintain that the employers should provide them with suitable workshops on their own premises, as is done for the clickers and roughstuff cutters. The men allege that the fact of the work being done off the premises has driven it into the sweaters' hands. The men demand that they shall work on the employers' premises, and be paid the full amount of their earnings by the master direct. The strike does not affect as many men as was at first thought probable, as fifty-seven out of the 400 firms in the trade have acceded to the men's demands. The other employers are willing to concede the men's demands, but they make it a condition that all future disputes shall be settled by arbitration, and to this the men will not agree, apparently on the ground that the arbitrators would be "always picked from the aristocracy or their hangers-on."

Mr. Charles Pedley, solicitor for the condemned lads Richard and George Davies, has forwarded to the Home Secretary no fewer than 1500 petitions, signed in the aggregate by over 40,000 persons, in favour of the commutation of the death sentence. Mr. Pedley has also recived letters showing that hundreds of petitions have been sent direct to Mr. Matthews. Mr. T. J. Hartshorn, of Grove-terrace, Highgate-road, London, has obtained 13,644 signatures from all classes of the community to similar petitions. These were presented at the Home Office on Saturday.

At Liverpool Assizes the Birkdale baby farmers were sentenced—William Pearson to seven and his wife to five years' penal servitude—for fatally neglecting two children entrusted to them.

It is stated that the Duke of Manchester left directions in his will for his remains to be cremated.

The Parliamentary Steeplechase took place on Saturday in the neighbourhood of Rugby, fifteen members of the House of Commons competing. Mr. Elliot Lees, riding Damon, came in first of the light-weights, and Mr. Walter Long, on Crusader, took the leading place among the heavy-weights.

Both Houses of Parliament held formal sittings on Saturday. In the Lords the Royal assent was given by commission to a number of Bills, and the House adjourned for the Easter holidays until April 17. The Commons followed suit at the beginning of this week.

Speaking at Nottingham last Saturday night, Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., referred to the rumours of a dissolution of Parliament, and said he believed they would not be so persistent if there were no foundation for them. As to the prospects of the Liberal Party, they were never brighter than at the present time.

The U.S. House of Representatives has adopted a resolution postponing the World's Fair until 1893, thus greatly minimising the chances of Chicago being finally accepted as the site of the exhibition.

It has been definitely decided that Mr. Stanley will be entertained by the Corporation of London on May 13.

Mr. Stanley has completed his book, "Darkest Africa," which will appear in two volumes.

THE RACING WORLD

Racing in Passion Week

is a mistake—at least, so I think, and I am quite sure many good patrons of sport are with me. We are plenty of horseracing all the year round, and not—to put the case in its mildest form—often good people who disapprove of the introduction of publicly followed sport at this particular period of the year. Not so long ago Nottingham was the only offender in this regard. Now Messrs. Tattersall have a meeting on the Saturday, and Croydon and Plumpton help make it nearly as busy as its predecessor. Plumpton's was only a soldiers' National Hunt meeting with a public race or two thrown in as attractions to the general public. Soldiers' contests, especially over a country, are frequently very amusing. Of course we can find among the workmen, who are jockeys not a few thoroughgoing workmen, who very nearly hold their own with the professionals. The main body of the competitors are of an extremely different class. Unconsciously, criticisms and unkind conundrums are served out to them: as, for instance, the somewhat evident answer to the query why Captain So-and-So is like Hamlet, the celebrated sculler: "Because he always

Races on a Sliding-Seat,

which is too exhaustively correct, because very frequently the gallant steeplechaser races himself off *his seat*. Though we shall all be sorry to miss the winding-up gathering of Croydon, it must be admitted that the noble company of hackers would have been much better off if there never had been a flat-race course at Woodside. Verily, it has been a heart-breaker for punters, who so often suffer twice as much as they need—first, in losing their money, and through their representative's defeat, and, what is worse, in getting beaten after they seemed sure to win. A race at Woodside is

Never Lost till It is Won,

and there is no such a thing as a certainty till the winner's number goes up, because the "certainty" always looks to be landing with the utmost ease when he comes up the hill so often fails to stay the furlong and a-half run. Just at present the Croydon Executive are puzzled as to the best plan for the future, and many manner of venues have been suggested, but none seems to fit their ideas. No doubt they will settle on a new holding so as to be ready by the time business when they must quit the old stand, for they have not so very much time to lose, as you know art and money can do very much indeed; they, assisted with all their resources, hurry Nature, but cannot push on building operations for stands, offices, and the like, but cannot hurry grass's growth, or alter the character to newly laid-out racetracks. Still, I am correct in saying that the new establishment is sure to be either in Sussex or on the Surrey-Sussex borderland. An idea of pitching it on the western boundary of Kent was entertained but abandoned. If my memory does not mislead me, the county—which seems likely to be soon a county without does not grow hops, because that enterprise is only profitable—is practically without a racecourse in

THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Rheumatism.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Lumbago.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Sprains.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Bruises.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Cuts.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Sore Throat from Cold.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Chest Colds.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Stiffness.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
Elliman's Universal Embrocation. 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.
ELLIMAN, SONS, and Co., Slough, England.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]

You may, perhaps, quote Wye; but that is a leather-flapping steeplechase sort of venue. We used to have quite a lot of meetings, counting from Bromley, or even Plumstead, to Dover. Now they are all gone, save Wye; and that is a new speculation a long way from the old track. Not long ago I looked over the bit of flown land where Canterbury Races were formerly run. Below, in the little village of Bridge, were once located the Sherrards, and the Marshes, all household names at Newmarket.

It seems that the game dies out in the south-eastern corner of England because there are not enough local sportsmen to keep it going, and railway service is against others, who will not stand slow travelling. Up in the North—Yorkshire, for instance—you may light on many big towns swarming with lovers of the turf which do not boast a course. Paradoxical as it may read, this state of things is explainable on quite the converse lines to the foregoing. Northern railway companies carry residents of Leeds, Sheffield, Barnsley, Huddersfield, Halifax, and the rest so cheaply to the big meetings that most of them do not want local sport. Trips, as they call excursion trains, to York or Doncaster or Manchester cost them very little more than the cab fare to Brighton or Lewes to the course. They get enough of the amusement at the big centres, and would not bother others.

If Colonel North wants to gain his townsmen's good-will he might add to his other bids for popularity and a seat in Parliament by endowing Leeds with a track; but the show could scarcely be made self-supporting unless run on very liberal lines and with a very cheap gate. Personally, I do not want to ingratiate myself with the good people of Leeds, as anyone might think, when I say that the place must be proud of not getting its name associated with Doncaster welshing, as has its not far-off neighbour Sheffield. The latter has turned out some big lights of the turf, notably Messrs. Steel and Peech, who, making a fortune at bookmaking, invested some of it in the great works of John Brown and Co., which are known far and wide in steel and iron. Of the other sort of lettors Sheffield supplies so many that the rest of the county hardly counts at all. All Yorkshire is horsey, and

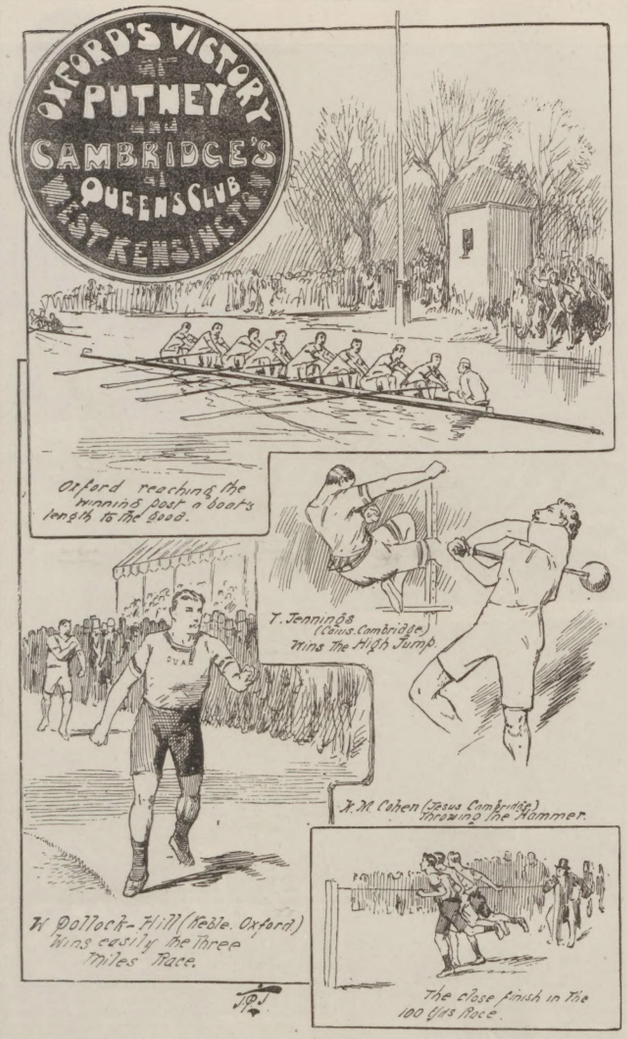
All Yorkshire Bets.

What a curious thing it is that most of our best racing sportsmen hail from inland towns of the North of England! J. B. Johnson was a Leeds man. Our present best performers — Collier, Finney, Talford, and—but there, I am getting off the right line—are natives of such places as Stalybridge, Oldham, and into my confrere's territory, so will pull up short and return to the turf.

According to a usually well-informed writer, the Grand National Steeplechase was virtually won by Him before the starter's flag fell. Mr. George Mastermann, owner of Ilex, offered to match his horse at 10 stone 7 pounds against old Gamecock, to run over the Grand National Steeplechase course, for

Ten Thousand Pounds.

The offer was made while the field were at the starting-post, but was not accepted. I suspect that Colonel Master George knew all the time that Gamecock would have had plenty of followers, if a bargain could have been struck after the Epsom Irishman had cantered in the easiest winner seen for years and years. Arthur Nightingall had no trouble with him through the long journey, and the pair fully justified the confidence of Mr. John Nightingall, the owner, Mr. Masterman, trainer, who for weeks backed Ilex and horse's to win a mint of money. As for race, that was not the word, because all through Ilex was never within himself, and all Nightingall had to do was to keep going, and let the others wear themselves out in endeavour to be up with his stable companion. Those who knew most about Father Confessor, winner of Liverpool Spring Cup, had least confidence in his chance, and would not look at his food after his arrival at Aintree, and was fretting and fidgeting after the journey. And yet he quite gallantly stalled off Ilex's challenge, and scored a most meritorious victory.



THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Boat-Race of 1890

has, in every way, proved to be the most interesting on record. The three rowed between Oxford and Cambridge: the weather was far more appropriate to the season than is usual in March: the crowd was the largest ever seen at this particular function; the perplexity of the public as to the ultimate winner was quite something phenomenal; and the issue of the struggle itself was in doubt up to the finish, so determinedly did everyone concerned make a bid for victory.

Twenty-seven Years Ago

I saw Cambridge, just as I saw them on the 26th ult., overlapping Oxford at precisely the same spot below Barnes Bridge. Oxford then, as this year, just managed to keep their lead, and later still, witnessed the exciting struggle between Oxford leading well through Barnes Bridge and yet being beaten by two lengths. But in none of these cases was the

Desperate Finish

of Wednesday week to be seen. On this last-named occasion, too, Cambridge were rowing, first, to win the race, and, secondly, to make the balance of wins and losses precisely even between the two contending Universities. In addition to this, had the Light Blues won, Mr. Mattlebury would have occupied the unique position, for an oarsman, of having been in the winning crew

Five Times.

This honour has been accorded to the celebrated Oxonian C. H. R. Tottenham only; during the long run of nine successive Oxford victories.

There was much in the recent race that was traditional. There was the old, old low feather of Cambridge, strongly contrasting with the high feather of Oxford, and the advantage of this was very noticeable in the rough water from Chiswick to the finish.

The Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Meeting

is also likely to be remembered, if only for Pollock-Hill's mile. This fine runner has been known to entertain an opinion that he could run a mile very much faster than people gave him credit for, and very decisively has he proved the correctness of his opinion. So rapidly do we improve nowadays that it is very hazardous to prophesy, but Pollock-Hill's time of 4 min. 21 3-5 sec. will take a very great deal of beating, and it stamps him as the

Third Best Miler

the amateur world has yet seen. This is, of course, judging by public performances, the only really just and reliable estimate. It is bootless to argue what F. J. K. Cross, W. Slade, or W. Edgar, the Manxman, would have done had they had the opportunity, &c.: the record of the path places Pollock-Hill third to W. G. George and W. Snook—both professionals now, by the way.

At the same meeting the performance of the Cambridge U.A.C. President, J. L. Greig, in the long jump was very remarkable. His longest leap, 22 ft. 7¾ in., has been beaten at this meeting, though once only, and by but 2¾ in.; but the wonderful thing was that, of the five jumps Greig took, three reached, or exceeded, 22 ft. 7 in., one being 22 ft. 5½ in. Long-jumpers know how difficult it is to "take off"

On the Line,

especially on such nerve-shaking occasions.

Our winter sports have nearly all reached their culminating point, and already thoughts are being turned towards cricket — the too, too early if glorious glimpses of summer which we have had of course having much to do with this.

Football.

Saturday last saw the final tie of the

Association Cup,

played at Kennington Oval, where an estimated attendance of 20,000 was present. What a good thing for the Football Association, and what a good thing for the Surrey County Cricket Club! But it would be difficult—very difficult—to find in London another spot so well suited for a great match and such an attendance. Even if the Football Association wanted a ground, and was prepared with the money to buy one, it is not easy to see where the space could be found. It is impossible to compare London with provincial towns.

The result of the match went to confirm what previous rounds in the competition had indicated— ie. that the Blackburn Rovers had

Quite Regained

the old skill which formerly gave them possession of the cup on three occasions, their victory of Saturday being their fourth. Their opponents, Sheffield Wednesday, had lost two of their best players, and were outplayed, losing by six goals to one.

In the meanwhile, Preston North End have come out ahead in the

League Championship,

with 33 points. They had a stiff battle with Notts County, and just managed to win by a stroke of pure luck by one goal to none. Everton came second, with two points less.

To-day (Saturday) sees the decision of the important Association football-match England v. Scotland, but the fact of its being Eastertime will prevent much else being done beyond making holiday. This is clearly to be a holiday-making year, so I hope we shall have fine weather.

Hockey.

What may be taken as the last hockey-match of importance of the season was played on Saturday at Richmond, the sides being the Molesey Club against the rest of the Home Counties. This match had been a good deal talked about, and, in spite of the Oval match, there was a good attendance. The first half made it appear that Molesey had at last

Met their Match,

for two goals were scored against them; but during the second half the club played up so splendidly that they won by three goals to two. Hockey has grown very rapidly in favour, chiefly because in it is discovered a game at which old athletes can obtain strong exercise long after they have ceased to be efficient at such arduous games as football and lacrosse.

The players of the last-named game will shortly bring off their chief matches, North v. South being played at Manchester on the 12th inst., and England v. Ireland on the 19th, at the same place. Judging from the number of schoolboys engaged in this game, in a few years it will show a very great advance. It is too difficult a game to be quickly learned, and, consequently, must progress slowly. The crack Canadian players

Practise from Boyhood,

just as do our cricketers.

Roberts has made us familiar with spot-barred breaks of 500, and more, and on the last day but one of his match with Peall, to whom he allowed a start of 4500 in 12,000 up, he made one of

506.

When the last stage was reached Peall's chance was undeniable, for he had only 1677 to make, and held a lead of 1067. But Roberts, as usual, seemed able to make big breaks just when he wanted to, and, scoring some three times as fast as his opponent, won by 786 points. In eight breaks he totalled 1455 points.

BANSHEE.

THE NEW SPRING MEDICINE.

ATTRACTIVE. SAFE. PURE. PALATABLE. EFFICACIOUS.

FREE SAMPLES SUPPLIED GRATIS AND POST PAID.

EVERYONE needs a blood-cleansing and purifying medicine in the spring season of the year. This necessity is not peculiar to our own time, for traditions handed down to us from remote generations tell us that our ancestors felt the same serious need.

As the days lengthen and the weather grows warmer, so does the blood become disturbed and fermented—more or less putrescent, in fact, after the semi-stagnation of winter. The proof lies in the enormous prevalence of pimples, skin eruptions, &c., in the spring of the year; in the breakings-out or peeling of children's flesh, with feverish tendencies, &c.; and in the return of half or wholly forgotten sores, humorous abscesses, and ulcers. Many people will tell you that with each recurring spring so do old illnesses and symptoms return.

Perhaps, on the whole, no serious harm is ultimately done, if the ordinary functions of the body are not impaired, for this spring ferment or putrescent outthrow is Nature's own effort to rid the human body of impurities accumulated during a long winter. The symptoms, however, are undeniably unpleasant and distressing, and productive of a great amount of pain and discomfort. Moreover, under the complex conditions and habits of modern life, they are apt to prolong themselves indefinitely, and to run the one into the other, until it is hard to say where one begins and the other ends. So that the general health often becomes seriously impaired, and every function weakened. Medicine of some sort or another in the spring is therefore imperative. Formerly, your grandmothers and great-grandmothers freely administered to those under their control or within their influence heroic doses of brimstone and treacle. The more cultivated, and probably less robust, present generations rebel at such drastic medication, and are repelled by the nastiness of a remedy, however undeniably valuable may be its properties.

Happily for the many of those who know the need for them to take or administer spring medicines, a boon is now offered by which all unpleasant taste, appearance, and smell are obviated, while greater safety, less reaction, and more efficacy than in any other spring medicine is secured. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are, of all spring medicines, the safest, the most efficacious, the most attractive, the most palatable, and the best of all curative blood purifiers. We offer you the proof of your own senses and judgment in support of what we say: we will, on written application being made to us, naming this paper, send you samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, gratis and post free, for test in the privacy of your own home.

As the winter wanes the health of children is even more affected than that of adults, and the period becomes one of natural parental anxiety. We do not make any extravagant claims for Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, but we do decidedly say that for children no pleasanter, no safer, nor more efficacious spring medicine was ever produced. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets have an agreeable appearance and are sweet to the taste, but they are none the less reliable, purifying, and curative because their medicinal powers are hidden. And we lay great stress on the fact that no harm to children can come from their use, even when long-continued. There is no violent action, the doses are carefully graduated, and Frazer's Sulphur Tablets contain neither poisons of any kind nor injurious ingredients whatever. Quite otherwise, they are simple, pure, wholesome, and efficacious. They are antiseptic in action, and, therefore, minimise the tendency of children to contract contagious or infectious disease when they are brought into contact with it. We do not say Frazer's Sulphur Tablets will ensure absolute immunity from attack—far from it; but they do undeniably ward off many serious complaints, or, at the very least, modify the severity of the symptoms and reduce the virulence of the disease. From all points of view they are to be trusted and relied upon, and certainly deserve that every parent should write for our gratis and post-free samples, and let the merits of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets speak for themselves. We have succeeded in rearing a very large business by no other means than simple fair dealing, and large dealers will tell you that no medicine ever made such rapid strides in public esteem as have Frazer's Sulphur Tablets. And simply because when seen and tested Frazer's Sulphur Tablets have attested the truth of our statements concerning them. We wish every family in the land to

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE,

and to this end will send samples gratis and post free to all who write for them. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d. (post free 1s. 3d.) Most chemists, drug stores, and medicine vendors now keep them in stock. Sole Proprietors, Frazer and Co., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, whom please address for the free samples, naming the *P.I.P.*—[ADVT.]

LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all Nervous Complaints.—HAYNES and Co., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

"CHARMING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver bright, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, by using GODDARD'S NON-MERCURIAL PLATE POWDER. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[ADVT.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BERLIN: PARADE BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND THE PRINCE AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

Welcomed by the Emperor William to Berlin as the representative of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales received regal honours at the hands of his august nephew, whose warm-hearted intervention on behalf of the working classes throughout Europe should increase his popularity with "the Masses." We earnestly trust the Governments of all the Great Powers may be induced to be as sympathetic and as liberal-minded to the toiling millions.

* * * * *

It was on the 24th of March that the Emperor William gave the Prince of Wales and Prince George the military treat of a grand regimental parade in the barrack square, followed by manœuvres against a skeleton enemy on the Tempelhofer Field. The striking parade is illustrated above. Next day their Royal Highnesses had their eyes opened at Spandau by the experiments with the smokeless powder. It spoke volumes as to the soundness of their constitutions that the Prince and his sailor son were able to survive the round of hospitalities organised in their honour by the Emperor William.

* * * *

The Prince of Wales had requested that there should be no official ceremonies on his departure from Berlin on March 28, and therefore the leave-taking was of a very simple character, though remarkably hearty on the part of the Emperor. At nine o'clock there was a family breakfast in the Schloss, at which the Empress Frederick and her daughters and the Emperor's sons were present. At ten o'clock the Emperor, in the undress uniform of a British Admiral, and the Prince of Wales, in that of a Prussian General, drove in an open carriage and pair, with outriders, to the Anhalt station, where were assembled almost all the Royal and other Princes, Sir Edward Malet and the Staff of the Embassy, Count Bismarck, the Emperor's Aides-de-Camp, the officers in attendance on the two Princes, and many other distinguished persons. They went straight to the Imperial waiting-room, where the Empress Frederick had preceded them.

After a short time spent in conversation, they went on to the platform, and embraced with great cordiality. The Emperor also kissed Prince George, who wore the uniform of Queen Victoria's Prussian Dragoons. The Princes remained standing at the windows of the carriage, and the Prince of Wales gave the Emperor his hand as the train began to steam out of the station. The Emperor saluted in English fashion by lifting his cap, and turned to Sir Edward Malet to express his regret that so welcome a visit had lasted only a week.

* * * *

The *P. I. P.* front Illustration of Prince Bismarck at home appears opportunely, since Berlin's great farewell to the veteran Chancellor has been followed by such general birthday tributes as Germany's greatest statesman. We cordially wish the Prince may enjoy "Many happy returns of the 'day" at Friedrichsruh. His fortune is probably not nearly so large as is generally supposed, especially in England, but is said to be estimated exactly. His pension is said to be only 15,000 marks—about £750—but he has a considerable income from the large industrial establishments on his estates, and from the estates themselves, which are admirably managed.

Mr. Balfour (soliloquising): "I have just thrown thirty-three millions more into his trough—and *still* he is not happy!"

MR. BALFOUR AND PADDY'S INSATIABLE PIG.

The World of Women

I shall have something to say about Spring fashions presently; but first let me ask a question. Have I any Women's Rights women among my readers? I should say I must have hundreds, as I am read by thousands. Perhaps my thousands of readers are all for Women's Rights. I must say I hope not. We want just a few of the others left to keep the

Balance True.

But do not imagine that I am in favour of keeping women "ground down," as it is called. By no means; the grinding-down days are past, and those only who like to remain in subjection to the tyrant man are in subjection. But I find that the advanced section among my fellow-women is simply going ahead by

Leaps and Bounds.

A short time ago even the most advanced would have been satisfied with being allowed to vote for parliamentary candidates, and the suffrage was to be given to spinsters and widows only: but that comparatively mild programme has now been torn up and scattered to the four winds of heaven, and in its place we have the

Women's Franchise League.

Now, no one who writes for or about women can ignore this movement. It is one of the most remarkable of our remarkable age. All disguise is thrown aside, euphuisms are dropped, and women are insisting upon the "Franchise," which, as they frankly tell us, means Liberty. The objects of the League are to extend to

Women,

whether unmarried, married, or widowed, the right to vote at parliamentary, municipal, local, and other elections, on the same conditions which qualify men, and to establish for all women equal civil and political rights with men. These rights are, we are told, the "only fitting goal of social progress." There is no mincing of matters in the

Official Programme

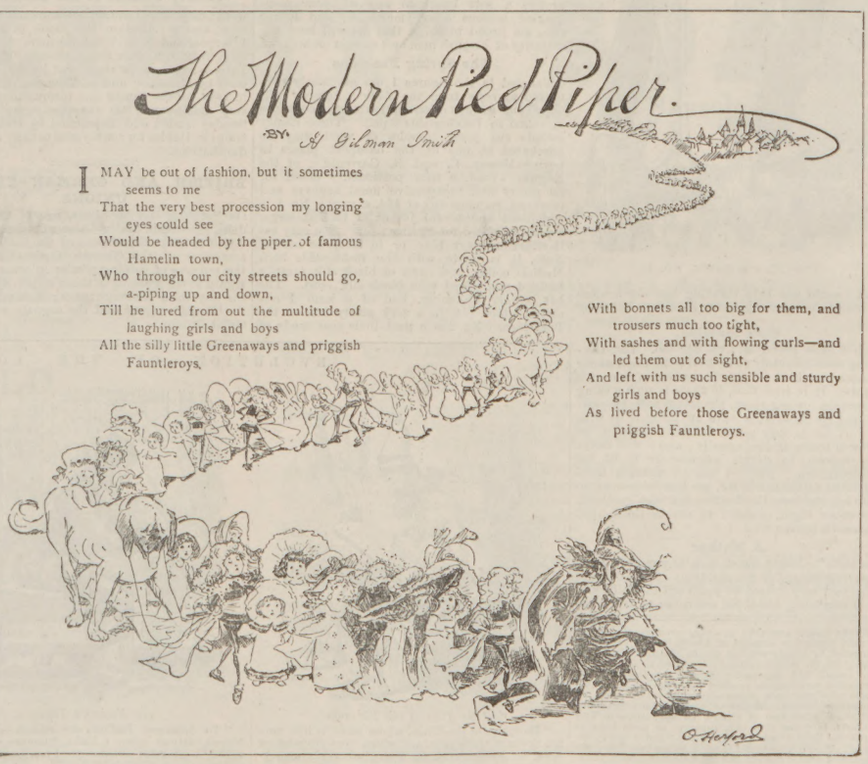
of the League. The position of those who are compelled to obey laws which they are not allowed a voice in making is, "in reality, a position of slavery, however much that condition may be mitigated or disguised by the

The Modern Pied Piper.

By A. Gilman Smith

I MAY be out of fashion, but it sometimes seems to me
That the very best procession my longing eyes could see
Would be headed by the piper of famous Hamelin town,
Who through our city streets should go, a-piping up and down,
Till he lured from out the multitude of laughing girls and boys
All the silly little Greenaways and priggish Fauntleroys.

With bonnets all too big for them, and trousers much too tight,
With sashes and with flowing curls—and led them out of sight,
And left with us such sensible and sturdy girls and boys
As lived before those Greenaways and priggish Fauntleroys.



concession to them, on the part of their rulers and law-makers, of other and slighter advantages." I read that very

Strong Statement

for the first time a few evenings ago, while I was waiting patiently for a Women's Franchise League meeting to begin. The room in which the meeting was held was by no means large, and, to my surprise, it was not very well filled. Also, to my surprise, there were more men than women present—men, too, who had evidently been led (or driven) to see the

Error of their Ways,

for they loudly applauded all the most telling hits made by the lady speakers against them. On the platform no profane foot of man was allowed to tread; a woman whose name has of late been very much before the public, in connection with the County Council, was in the chair. She read her opening address, which had the advantage of being

Short,

and she then called upon a clever-looking woman, Mrs. ——, on her left to propose the first resolution. By the aid of Professor Annie Oppenheim's instructions, I had been studying this lady's face, and had come to the conclusion that she was endowed with perception, imagination, and reasoning powers of a high order. This being so, I expected a good deal from her

Speech,

and I was not disappointed. She was so calm and logical that, as I listened, I said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Women's Rights woman." She was succeeded by another married woman, a dear old lady, who could scarcely make herself heard, and the poor dear men were so nice to her! Had she been one of themselves they would have called out

"Speak Up!"

in a rude and dictatorial manner, but, instead of doing so, they craned their necks, and put hands behind their ears, and were as polite as possible, although she was anything but civil or nice to them! I was rather sorry for the dear old thing; but I am sure she was not sorry for herself; and she would not thank me for saying

SPRING FASHIONS, NO. 1.

that I could not help thinking how much more in her place she would have looked at home by her

Own Fireside,

with a little grandchild on her lap. But anything even remotely connected with domesticity must be avoided in any discussion of women's rights. It is true that, if there is such a thing as a child among them, the father will, by-and-by, not be allowed to have anything to do with it. If he is very good, he may, perhaps, be allowed to see it occasionally, and it will be for the women to decide whether he is fit for the privilege. Now, I am of opinion that, when the father is a brute, the less he has to do with his children the better; but the speakers, the other night, seemed to me to think that because a woman was

A Mother

she must be better fitted than any mere man to have sole charge of her children. It would have been very easy indeed to point out the fallacy of such reasoning, but it did not occur to anyone to

NERVE FORCE ACTUALLY RE-CREATED without drugs—by mild continuous currents of Electricity—imperceptibly generated by simply wearing one of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS. Sceptics should call and see them scientifically tested, and personally inspect the thousands of unsolicited testimonials received from the grateful multitude who have been permanently restored to health by this natural, simple, and pleasant means of cure. Pamphlet and consultation free of charge, on application to THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, at their Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). All communications are considered strictly private, and should be addressed to Mr. C. B. Harness, President.—[ADVT.]

SPRING FASHIONS, NO. 2.

stand up and insist upon the fact that, if there were bad fathers, there were also, occasionally, bad mothers. I fully agree that the divorce laws should be

Equalised

in this country. It is not just that a man should be able to get rid of his wife for infidelity, while a woman must wait for her husband to be cruel as well as unfaithful. As if there could be much greater cruelty than for a wife to see herself supplanted! Next week, perhaps, I may have something more to say upon the

Marriage Question.

There is no doubt it is one of the questions of the day; but I fear the advocates of change in the laws concerning it are very apt to go too fast, and so spoil their chances of reform altogether. The English mind moves slowly: it is stored with

Facts, not Ideas,

and those who desire to remove the present furniture and put in new must not be in a hurry, or the man who owns the brain will rebel, and when John Bull puts his foot down, and refuses to move, he is rather an awkward customer for Mrs. Bull and her daughters to deal with. Tell him that if he is happy in his marriage—fond of his wife and

The "Kids,"

it is simply a sign that he has "softening of the brain," and he will probably reply that he prefers a soft brain to any of your new-fangled notions about marriage, and I, for one, am proud to think that he will have the majority of English men and women on his side.

The Spring Fashions

delineated in the figures I am graciously permitted to copy from the *Lady's Pictorial* will afford our readers a fair notion of the costumes in vogue in London this April. These dainty jackets are good samples of what may be purchased at one of the cheapest places in town—Messrs. E. and R. Garrould's, of the Edgware-road, a firm particularly noted for its pretty and inexpensive floral zephyrs and cambrics, commencing at 4½d. a yard. No. 1 is a piquant and useful jacket of twilled serge, especially suited for Spring wear. You may get it either in navy blue or in black or brown. Note, it is made with the fashionable high Medicis collar, and *revers* of black silk, prettily braided and edged with black silk cord. The hat is very becoming, and of a kind I observed added *chic* to a very pretty face at the Boat-race. No. 2 is a neat little coat made of the new twilled Cheviot serge, especially attractive in a light shade of tan or fawn colour. You may also obtain it in shades of grey and navy blue as well as in black. Quite novel is the wide collar turned back, with two deep points. The coat is alluringly finished by a bow and long ends of wide satin ribbon. MARGUERITE.

PERILOUS VOYAGE OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

The Steamer City of Paris,

from New York for Queenstown and Liverpool, with 687 passengers and 750 bags of mails, was towed into Queenstown at four o'clock last Sunday morning by three tugs, with her starboard engine shattered almost to pieces, and with both starboard and port engine-rooms filled with upwards of 2000 tons of water, the port engine being as a consequence also quite useless. From a report sent on shore by

Captain Frederick Watkins,

the commander, as well as from statements made by the saloon passengers who disembarked, it appears that all went well until the evening of March 25. At about 5.30 p.m. on that day, when the steamer was going at full speed, the starboard engine suddenly collapsed, and the low-pressure cylinder was smashed to pieces, breaking the injection and water-pipe connections, and bursting in the iron bulkhead dividing the port and starboard engines. The broken metal flew in all directions, and it is stated that a portion of the machinery broke through the double bottom of the steamer, making a hole through which the water rushed into the engine-rooms, which immediately filled with water, compelling the engineers and firemen to rush on deck for safety. It is stated that terrible consequences might have ensued but for the

Bravery of the Second Engineer,

who, at the peril of his life and enveloped in hissing steam, managed to shut off steam, and thus saved the machinery from total demolition, which would have been the case had the engines continued working for any time. He escaped uninjured.

The Steamer was now Quite Helpless,

and drifted with the tide. On the following day Captain Watkins sent Chief-officer Passow and six men in a life-boat to get into the track of Transatlantic liners in the hope of being able to intercept either the City of Chester or the Adriatic, which had left Queenstown for New York. The cargo steamer Aldersgate, from Galveston, bore in sight, and offered to

Take the Liner in Tow.

The offer was accepted, but the Aldersgate, being a small steamer, was unable to go more than four to five knots an hour, and consequently their progress was slow. On Saturday morning, at two o'clock, the American liner Ohio, from Queenstown to Philadelphia, bore down on the City of Paris, and stood by her until three in the afternoon. Meanwhile, the Fastnet had been reached, and two tugs were dispatched from Queenstown. These two tugs and the Pathfinder took charge of the steamer and towed her into Queenstown Harbour. The united

Hearty Thanks of the Passengers

were tendered to Captain Watkins and his skilful crew, and a collection was made in aid of the Liverpool and New York Mariners' Institution. More than £600 were thus realised. The City of Paris is a twin-screw steamer of 10,499 tons gross, built by Messrs. J. and G. Thomson, of Glasgow, in 1889, for the Inman and International Steamship Company. All the passengers were on Sunday landed and dispatched by three special trains to Dublin for conveyance to their respective destinations.

BRITISH AND GERMAN TRADES-UNIONS.

On Saturday last Mr. Burt, one of the British delegates to the Berlin Labour Conference, paid a visit to Herr Hirsch, one of the leading representatives of the German Trades-Unions, for the purpose of gaining precise information with regard to the working of those bodies, and paving the way for a thorough understanding between the German unions and the cognate societies in Great Britain.

THE LOUISVILLE DISASTER.

GREAT relief is experienced in New York by the news received last Saturday morning that the loss of life is Louisville is much less than was at one time believed. The Relief Committee and the Louisville Board of Trade estimate that less than one hundred persons were killed at the place, though as to the number of injured no definite statement is yet forthcoming. Harrowing details continue to reach the New York papers respecting the terrible scenes which followed the

Collapse of the City Hall.

The loss of property at Louisville is placed at one million dollars. The inhabitants are beginning to recover from the shock of the calamity, and business is returning to its usual channels.

* * * *

Communication has been reopened with the

Town of Bowling Green,

and the apprehensions entertained regarding its fate fortunately prove to be groundless. Not a loss of life nor injury to limb being reported. Details continue to flow in from other districts regarding the havoc caused by the hurricane. According to the latest despatches, a number of towns and villages in

Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois

sustained more or less damage, several persons being killed, and more injured in some places, while in others, though no loss of life occurred, many persons received injuries. Over the country districts many farmhouses, barns, and cattle-sheds were destroyed, many of the occupants and stock killed or injured. Several tug-boats on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were destroyed, and some of the members of the crews perished. Several reports have been received of children having been blown long distances by the wind and killed or injured. Several trains were thrown off the line by trees which had been blown across the track, and in some instances the railway men were killed or others injured. Damage to property and serious fatalities and injuries are also announced from various places in Tennessee.

A Slight Shock of Earthquake

was felt on March 29 at Contocook, in New Hampshire.

WRECK IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.

THE steamship Potosi, which arrived at Plymouth on Saturday, brought Captain Johnson and the crew of the steamship Eshcol, of North Shields, which had been wrecked while on a voyage from Smyrna to Leith with barley. The Eshcol, which was owned by Mr John F. Middlemas, of North Shields, left Smyrna on the 3rd inst., and after passing through the Straits of Gibraltar encountered a succession of heavy westerly gales, accompanied by tremendous seas. On the terrific squall on the 15th ult. she was struck over on her starboard side, and as the heavy weather continued her starboard list increased daily. One of her lifeboats was washed away, her coal-bunkers filled with water, and the ship was eventually on her beam-ends, and there was hope of righting herself, as her engines had become useless. In this condition she drifted helplessly towards a lee shore, and, as the weather showed no signs of moderating, it was decided to abandon her. This was not accomplished without considerable difficulty and danger, but the crew, twenty in number, reached the shore in safety. The Eshcol afterwards grounded on a reef near Corunna, and soon became a total wreck.

LOSS OF A BRITISH STEAMER.

THE following telegram has been received from the owners of the Gulf of Aden steamer Jessie. The Gulf of Aden was wrecked in latitude 17° 20' N., March 12, one hundred miles from Jaluit. Two boats left the steamer with eighty-one persons on board. One boat reached Chiloe. Two steamers are searching for the missing boats. The Gulf of Aden was bound from Liverpool for Valparaiso, &c. She was a steel screw-steamer of 2225 tons, and was built at Middlesbrough in 1888, and was owned by the Greenock Steamship Company, of Greenock.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.

TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion destroys all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.

EVOLUTION OF THE LOVE-LETTER.

(In the Time of the Pharaohs.)

"Daughter of the Lotos, whose smile is like unto the rising of three suns, and whose eyes are brighter than the golden shekels of thy father, the money-changer," &c.

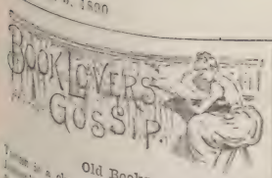
(In Herrick's Time.)

"To Mistresse Dorinda Sweetleigh.—Beauteous Mayde,—Howe canne I Make attempte with thiese vile & Unworthie Penne to dyscribe thy Manie Charmynge perfections?" &c.

(In Practical 1890.)

"Dear Miss Murrayhill.—I admire you extremely. Which is it—yes or no? The messenger will wait for an answer.—Yours faithfully, JOHN WILLIAMS."

[Dictated.]



Old Books.

There is a charming little poem in Mr. Austin Dobson's "At the Sign of the Lyre" on "My Books." Bound in Oxford vellum and crushed levant, water-lined and morocco-jointed, he describes his expensive treasures as gathering the dust—

For the coin that I prize is yonder,
Away on the ungilded shelves;
The bulged and the bruised octavos,
The dear and the dumpy twelves.

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell the worse for wear,
And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,
And the little old cropped Molière.

And the Burton I bought for a florin,
And the Habelais foxed and fleck'd—
For the others I never have opened,
But these are the books I read.

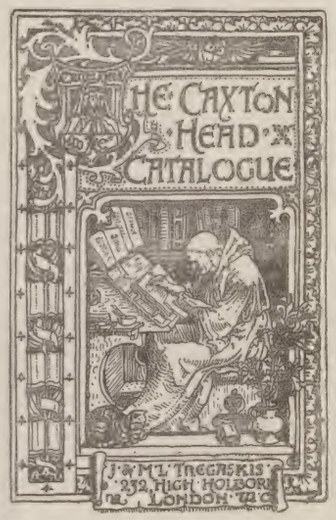
There is great fascination in an old book. Perhaps we may not all share Charles Lamb's preference in favour of finger marks—significant of the contact of human beings who have drawn intellectual nourishment from its pages; but there it is, a monument modest enough, may be—of the taste and refinement of another age. And then the "bargains" which come to one from well-nigh every impecunious town in England! What treasures have not been found in that

Fourpenny Box!

Perhaps, gentle reader, may come across such a treasure—a Moxon edition of the first series of Tennyson's "Poems and Ballads," a Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers," a Browning's "Pauline." Who knows but what you may have turned one over, carelessly, and refused to expend the required fourpence. There is no name on it, but merely that modest title, "Pauline," and the date, 1833.

The Caxton Head.

I am reminded of old books by receiving the two-hundredth catalogue of Mrs. Bennett, of High Holborn, one of the best-known of secondhand booksellers. Mrs. Bennett has not only changed the cover of her catalogue, but—more daring experiment—she has changed her name, and is now known as Mrs. Pennell. Her two-hundredth catalogue boasts an effective design by Mr. Walter Crane, showing a scholar at his desk engraving on vellum. But after all the interior is of more importance, and to me, at least, there is always an abundance of suggestive matter in the pages of a second-hand catalogue.



The "Adventure Series."

But I must come back to new books, although there was much good sense in Emerson's remark that when he heard of a new book being published he always took down an old one. Now, we have even got beyond a constant succession of new books, and are having a constant succession of new series of books. The very latest is Fisher Unwin's "Adventure Series"—a number of volumes which are to deal with the actual travel experiences of different individuals told by themselves. The next volume will be "Robert Drury's Journal in Madagascar," and the next Memories of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, and these will be followed by the more famous "Pellow's Narrative of his Sufferings and Adventures undergone in a Twenty-three Years' Captivity in Morocco." All this is very well, but I am sorry that the idea is not better carried out so far as the "get up" of the volumes is concerned. A design by Mr. Joseph Pennell on the cover is, no doubt, very artistic, but one has to take this on trust, as it is quite impossible to make out anything but that a horse is sitting on its hind legs and riding on its tail, very much as with Stothard's illustration of Chaucer's "Young Squire." And with Stothard, so with Joseph Pennell, a man actually manages to keep on. Very much an adventure this! Seriously, Mr. Unwin cannot be congratulated upon the general get-up of his "Adventure Series." The illustrations—cheap reproductions of old portraits—and the whole arrangement give the book the appearance of a cheap "remainder," as they say in the book trade. But if all this must be said, and regret expressed that Mr. Unwin did not consult someone with a little more taste than he appears to possess, it may be added that the books themselves will amply atone for any deficiencies in their presentation, and that the first volume, the "Adventures of a Younger Son," by

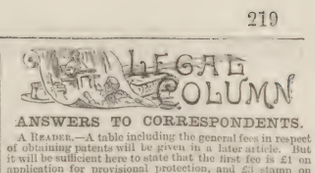
Edward John Trelawney,

is particularly delightful reading. Trelawney is known as the friend of Shelley, and his "Recollections" of that poet and of Byron have been much read and much criticised. His "Adventures of a Younger Son" are not so well known as they deserve to be, and Mr. Unwin may be congratulated on bringing a delightful book once more to the front—a book which when one has once taken it up it is hard to put down. Trelawney makes his every experience interesting, and tells, in a way which makes one hold one's breath, how he strangled a raven when a child. His relations with Zela, and his account of her death, are very beautifully expressed. Mr. Edward Garnett, a son of Dr. Garnett, contributes an interesting Introduction. TATLER.

A young Spaniard, Agaputo David Rioz, has been sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to ten years' penal servitude for setting fire to a house in Clarence-terrace, Regent's-park, several persons sleeping therein at the time. It was alleged that the prisoner had stolen £55 in notes and several articles of jewellery from the house in which he had been employed, and then set fire to the premises in order to conceal the robbery.

Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Bridge-road. There will be a Concert on each Thursday in April at the above hall. At the Ballad Concert, April 10, Madame Marie Roze will sing. The Ballad Concert, April 24, will be made popular by the appearance of Mrs. Hutchinson. The following Science Lectures will be given during April: April 8, Easter Entertainment. April 15, the Colours of Soap Bubbles, by Mr. John Cox. April 23, Old London, by Rev. Bloomfield Jackson. April 29, Personal Experience of Ambulance Work in War, by Sir Vincent Kennett Barrington.

Dominion of Canada.—An official handbook to the Dominion of Canada has been issued recently, which contains much information of value, both to the intending emigrant (who should be warned about murderous pseudo land-agents) and to all who follow with interest the growth of England's greatest and nearest Colony. A carefully prepared statistical section illustrates the financial, commercial, and social position of the country, and separate chapters are devoted to the interests of the different provinces, and to the free grants of land that are to be obtained in the prairie regions now open for settlement. A good map is also included, and the pamphlet may be had post free on application to the High Commissioner for Canada, 17, Victoria-street, London, S.W.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER.—A table including the general fees in respect of obtaining patents will be given in a later article. But it will be sufficient here to state that the first fee is £1 on application for provisional protection, and £3 stamp on filing complete specification.

H. W. WALTON asks a question concerning the effect of five letters which have not been seen by us, and which he should lay before a solicitor if he contemplates the proceedings he mentions. It may, however, be stated that the Post Office is the common agent of both parties. There have been many cases decided as to contracts by letters. Speaking generally, the person writing and making an offer is not at liberty to retract his offer before the arrival of the time for receiving the answer. The answer must, of course, be a simple and complete acceptance.

J. MILSOM HOLT.—This is really a most complicated case, in which you say there is a pending Chancery suit; and the litigation must, of course, in such a case, be already in the hands of responsible legal advisers, who should be consulted. No lawyer could give an opinion upon a matter like this without knowing far more facts than are stated in your letter.

L.—With regard to your question as to the best way to procure a patent, and of the probable cost, we are now giving a series of articles upon the question. See also our answer to correspondent above.

S. X. Z.—If the amount is due, we doubt if any jury would give damages.

XERXES.—Under the Real Property Limitation Act 1874 the twelve years need not begin in 1879.

F. W. I.—See our articles on patents, and consult a patent agent. LEX.

COULD NOT STAND THE COMPETITION.

PROFESSOR CARLO BENVENUTO: "What's der trouble in der parlay, Julie?"
HIS ASSISTANT: "A gen's havin' a fit."
THE PROFESSOR: "Who is he?"
HIS ASSISTANT: "Head carver at der Fift' Avenyer Hotel."

EVERY BRITON IS ENTITLED TO A FAIR TRIAL!

DON'T FORGET TO GIVE A FAIR TRIAL TO

"SUNLIGHT" SOAP

Only think! One Soap for all uses! For Laundry, for Toilet, for Household.

WHY DOES A WOMAN'S health so often break down at an early age? Put a man to a washing tub; let him get heated with the hot suds until every pore is opened; then let him stand over the filthy steam that comes from scalding and boiling clothes, and his health certainly would break down before long. And yet this terrible ordeal is exactly what A WOMAN has to go through on washing days; and, besides, while over-heated at the hot work, she has to risk her life by going out into the open air to hang up the clothes. These facts, which are known to every housekeeper, readily explain why so many women LOOK OLD While yet young in years, and Physicians and Boards of Health cannot draw attention too strongly to the injurious effects of the usual way of washing, with its necessary steam and scalding or boiling to get the clothes pure and sweet. Fortunately, this trouble can be avoided. Scalding, boiling, and steam done away with. Clothes made sweet and beautifully SOONER THAN By the old way, by using the "SUNLIGHT SOAP"—a soap so purifying and cleansing that the dirtiest clothes can be washed in lukewarm water with very little rubbing, and clothes, bedding, and linen cleansed without either scalding or boiling, while the work is so light that a girl of twelve or thirteen can do a large wash without being tired. Now there is a remedy for the great "washing day" evil, so economical in its use as to be within the reach of all, there is not a woman or A MAN? Who is not directly interested in having introduced into their homes that wonderful way of washing clothes, which, when properly tried, does away with hard work, offensive smell, and fearful steam on washing day; and makes the white pieces whiter, coloured pieces lighter, and flannels softer than they can be made by washing the old way, and also leaves every article as clean and sweet and as pure as if never worn.

HOW TO KNOW A CLEVER HOUSEWIFE.—A clever housewife will try new improvements, and therefore give "SUNLIGHT" SOAP a trial.

HOW TO KNOW AN ECONOMICAL HOUSEWIFE.—An economical housewife knows that "time is money," and that "SUNLIGHT" SOAP, by enabling the laundry and household work to be done with little labour, saves its cost ten times over.

HOW TO KNOW A REFINED HOUSEWIFE.—A refined housewife will be glad to adopt the new, easy, clean way of washing clothes with "SUNLIGHT" SOAP, instead of the old, hard, sloppy way.

HOW TO KNOW AN INTELLIGENT HOUSEWIFE.—An intelligent housewife will have no difficulty in understanding the very easy directions for using "SUNLIGHT" SOAP.

HOW TO KNOW AN HONOURABLE HOUSEWIFE.—An honourable housewife would scorn to do so mean a thing as not to give a free Sample of "SUNLIGHT" SOAP a fair trial.

HOW TO KNOW A SENSIBLE HOUSEWIFE.—A sensible housewife will be glad when a new and improved article such as "SUNLIGHT" SOAP is brought to her notice, and will feel thankful that her attention has been directed so strongly to it.

ECONOMISE!! One Tablet of the "SUNLIGHT" SOAP will do more Washing than two Tablets of Ordinary Laundry Soaps.

It will make your Clothes White.
It will not injure the most delicate Lace.
It will not Shrink Flannels and Woollens.
It will enable you to do a large wash in Half a Day.

GOLD MEDAL, Paris Exhibition, 1889, awarded to "Sunlight" Soap.

PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

LEEDS.—No. I.

BY A LEEDS RESIDENT.

Though never apostrophised in verse, Leeds has been made the subject of prophecy. For her the brightest future of any town in the North of England was predicted in his work on England by Mr. Escott a few years ago. Competent judges have even gone further. Only a month or two ago Leeds was declared to be the most prosperous city in Europe. This "tall" remark was made by a Scotsman, not usually regarded as over-sanguine. But, having pierced into every commercial corner of the globe, he was, perhaps, not going much beyond his book. This was Mr. David Greig, a member of that firm—Messrs. J. Fowler and Co.—which years ago sent out to South America the Jack North who is now known as the "Nitrate King," and who by reason of his open-handedness has become the first honorary freeman of his native town. In what lies the

Strength of Leeds?

She is the largest borough in England's biggest shire, and stands, on the one hand, halfway between London and Edinburgh, while, on the other, her place is exactly equidistant from the eastern and the western coasts. Half a dozen of our largest companies put her in possession of unparalleled railway communication; the Aire and Calder Navigation practically joins her to the sea at Goole; and the Leeds and Liverpool Canal carries her goods to the very doors of the Atlantic. Then, industrially, she is pre-eminent for

A Variety of Trades,

which throw around her an immense bulwark against the inroads of want. During the last dozen years of depression she never felt the pinch keenly. The soup-kitchen and such extraordinary relief were unknown, save as instituted for the behoof of the schoolchildren of the very poorest. Her people hardly have their peers in

Thrift and Sobriety,

and commercial crashes are extremely rare. The local Co-operative Society, with 26,000 members, runs its own flour-mill, and sails its fleet of coal barges. The shareholders of her flourishing building societies are legion, and one of these institutions has such a plethoric exchequer that it pays no more to depositors than is obtained from the Corporation Stock, despite the enormous security the municipality can offer. The

Fifth Largest City

in England, Leeds has added to her population since the last Census no less than 45,000 souls. Numerically Sheffield is her next-door neighbour: but the increase of population in the famous cutlery town since 1851 has been only 30,000, or, compared with Leeds, as two is to three.

With 357,000 People Within Her Borders,

Leeds wears without ostentation her new name of County Borough. Big as she is, she cares not to dispute the ancient claims of York as capital of the shire, much less to trouble herself about the pretensions of Wakefield as the chief town of the West Riding. Leeds has no ostentation, in fact. The rivalries of her proud neighbour Bradford do not disturb her serenity; she is strong in her own strength, and is what she is. But, as the American Consul lately pointed out in a capital after-dinner speech, her architectural beauty is not the equal of her solidity. It cannot be gainsaid that the "fathers of the city" have yet to learn how to "build for the ages." Opportunity is just now presented for removing this undoubted reproach. That relic of pre-Reform days, the old Cloth Hall, has been razed to the ground, and those who look ahead have pictured the sweeping away of the Quebec Building, and the creation of a vestibule or approach to the town which shall put to the blush the St. George's-square at Glasgow, and altogether introduce a new era of architectural magnificence. Glancing at her

Remote Past,

it would seem that the evolution of the place was for some time, as Mr. Cuninghame Graham says of Nature in all her operations, "cruelly slow." According to documentary testimony, her growth seems to have been at a standstill from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. Leeds is at least "old." The Celts left their mark upon the immediate district in the place-names they set up. From Adel, the Roman town of Burgodunum—known now principally for its almost unique Norman church—a road passed through the very heart of Leeds, crossed the river Aire, and then proceeded, doubtless, to Castleford, the Roman Legiolum. At Armley the Danes had an encampment on what is known as Giant's Hill—a rugged promontory overlooking the river, and making a subject in which Ruysdael's pencil would have delighted. Even now

The Parish Church of Leeds

contains a memorial, of a pre-Conquest structure, in the form of a rude cross raised to the Danish king Onlaf or Anlaf, who with his followers doubtless felt the power of Athelstan's arm at the great battle of Brunanburg, a place on the Humber, spoken of as the

Waterloo of the Anglo-Saxons.

When the Conqueror dispossessed the Saxon, the manor of Leeds and adjoining parts came into the hands of Ralph Paynel, a subordinate or companion of Ilbert de Laci, one of Norman William's trusty chieftains. With its priest, church, and mill, according to Doomsday evidence, Leeds had a population ranging from two to three hundred. Some of the Jonathan Oldbucks of the district have attributed to Paynel or his son-in-law the erection of

A Castle in Leeds

about the time that De Laci built up Pontefract's "bloody prison" as well as a castalet on the rolling slopes of Rothwell Haigh. But no vestige of the Leeds Castle remains, except as portrayed in low relief on the stone walls of the existing Royal Exchange. A recent discussion settled that the "King's Castle of Leeds" refers to the fortified place constructed in the "King's Manor of Lowes," thus giving to Kent and not to Yorkshire the advantage, whatever it may be worth. The succeeding century witnessed the arrival in the district of the Cistercians, or White Monks, the founders of the

Abbey of Kirkstall,

whose ruins, thanks to the generosity of Colonel North, have now been brought, at a cost of £10,000, into the possession of the borough. Seeking for their abode, as was customary with the Benedictines, proximity to a town, the sylvan glade on the banks of the Aire, in which they settled, now forms a part of the borderland to which the borough has extended. For thirty years the monks laboured continuously, and Kirkstall, before demolition, presented the unique example of a monastery constructed without a break in the design. A beginning was made in the late Norman period: the second stage showed in the nave the use of the pointed arch; and the higher portions of the building reveal the early transition epoch. The existing ruins declare the proportions of the monastery, which was seen to have had a church with six side chapels and a principal chapel. Ascetics at first, the Cistercians relaxed their humility and self-denial in the ratio of the growth of their possessions. Just before Cœur de Lion left England for the Crusades, in 1189, it is said that Fulke, a holy Frenchman, admonished him that he had "three daughters—pride, luxury, and avarice; and as long as they remain with you you cannot expect favour from God." To this reproof Richard replied: "I have already given away those daughters in marriage—pride to the Templars, luxury to the Black Monks, and avarice to the White." The Fighting Monks were associated with Leeds as well as those of the less militant order. At

Temple Newsam,

five miles distant from the town, was a preceptory of Knights Templars, founded prior to 1180. There is left no vestige of the old house; and, as all know, the Order was dissolved in 1311. Temple Newsam was the birthplace of the ill-fated Darnley. From him it reverted to his son James I., who gave it to Esmé Stuart, and it was afterwards sold to Sir Arthur Ingram, "a farmer of the customs" in the City of London. By him the old structure was demolished and replaced by the present ivy-grown palace in red brick.

LEEDS LIMNED: RIVER AIRE, FROM LEEDS BRIDGE.

LEEDS LIMNED: ROYAL EXCHANGE.

RUINS OF KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

The roof is surrounded by a battlement [illegible] letters in stone which form the following [illegible] tion: "All glory and praise be given to [illegible] Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost on [illegible] Peace upon Earth. Good will towards [illegible] Honour and true allegiance to our Sovereign [illegible] Loving affection among his subjects. [illegible] prosperity within this House."

The origin of the

Name of Leeds

[illegible] then, as now, remained in doubt. It has been variously attributed to the patronymic [illegible] first possessor: to the term Leod, signifying a populous place; and, otherwise, to Celtic Loit—a British expression having the same meaning as "the tribe's city in the wood."

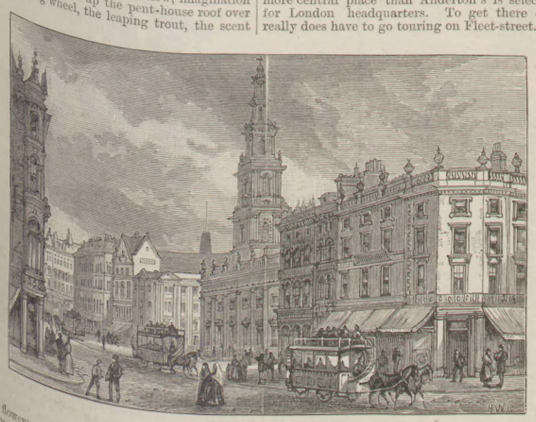
Cloth-weaving, coal-mining, and iron-working are the recorded trades when Maurice de Paynel, through one of his followers, Philip de Ledes, took steps for rendering the town a corporation by granting a charter to its burgesses. Thus singularly enough, they were fairly represented [illegible] of existing industries.

Briggate and Boar-Lane

are now the best-known thoroughfares in Leeds, and through them the life of the place has flowed practically from the beginning. These streets, less-known Swinegate were its early [illegible] name of Briggate tells its own tale. The [illegible] was originally but the country [illegible] gate, first to the Manor House, and [illegible] park. The name was formerly spelt [illegible] the peasantry of the servitor class in the

LEEDS LIMNED: MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Ages being frequently called boremen, and borel-folk. Swinegate, or Sweingate, signified the road used by the servants or rustics in contradistinction to the burghers, and skirted the stream which turned the wheel of the old flour-mills. Gloomy as is the street now, imagination may easily conjure up the pent-house roof over the dripping wheel, the leaping trout, the scent



LEEDS LIMNED: BOAR LANE.

of flowers, and the miller's lovely daughter. A stone-throw on each side measured the extent of the compact town of early times. Even in 1379 the place had but fifty families, while Pontefract and Doncaster trebled that number. In 1396 the subsidy granted by Parliament to the Crown on woollen cloths was paid in Pontefract by fourteen persons; in Wakefield by seven, with 173¾ cloths; and those remote times Leeds was not spurned by royalty. Early in the thirteenth century Kirkstall—where the town now has perhaps the finest public park in the kingdom—and Guiseley were famous for the sport they afforded, and their sweets were tasted by King John, and their sweets were tasted by the great Charter. In September 1212, at the Barons made him sign invitation of his vassal de Laci, three days' horse-racing was held. It is said that "harpers and minstrels in attendance upon the King." The sumpter horses bore their loads of bedding, the baggage-carts bore the King's wardrobe, and pall furred with green cendal costing and trappings, even down to the state bed equipment!" They also bore many other of the furniture." The hunt, it is also averred, was composed of great men of the Court and the neighbouring land, with a pack of hounds to which two hundred in number, and the cost of the hounds for the three days amounted to £6 4d. Caroleon and Hanoverian Leeds, and then the town of to-day, must be left to two succeeding articles.

G. S. D.

(To be continued.)

CYCLE & CAMERA

I concern the Ewell road for a little Easter tour. Our Artist has made a drawing of the Bay-tree at Merton—one of the best-known stations, by the way. Though, of course, as many cyclists can be seen on the Ewell as on the Ripley road, it is growing in popularity, and the Bay-tree bids fair to rival the Anchor.

I cannot help coming back to the Pneumatic Tyre, as nothing so original has been introduced for a long time, and as there has been a rather important correspondence on the subject in the *Cyclist*.

Mr. Pennell, who seems to have given one of the first experimental machines which appeared about it. It is rather well known that he has no belief in the cycle trade, and that he would not ever ride a machine unless he believed in it. Like whom I quoted the other week, he [illegible] immensely. And, though he seems to have had many broken the tyre of the experimental machine he was riding, he has enough faith in it to order another one.

He says that the machine does not slip at all. This is an important point, as so many, who ride apparently little about it, declared that it would when the tyre was injured, Mr. Pennell writes, and had become a flabby mass round the back wheel, it only slipped when he was in Nottingham, and in deep mud, on wet sets. In the anti-vibration question, he gives as his opinion that the Pneumatic settles it on the right spot—the point of contact." To this subject must be of interest, for if the Pneumatic tyre ugly as it is, ensures such per-comfort in riding, road-riders cannot afford to be without it.

Talking about "pubs," the Holborn Club seems to have invaded the Star and Garter at Richmond, which hitherto has been considered as well treated they propose to go there again.

If the C.T.C. was only managed in a business-like fashion, and had the membership it ought to have, there would be no trouble in getting hotels of this sort anywhere near London. I wonder how long it will be, by-the-by, before a more central place than Anderton's is selected for London headquarters. To get there one really does have to go touring on Fleet-street.

The soldier cyclists will be marching and fighting away when this is printed. Mr. Percy A. Kemp gives a few Sketches of cyclists on the warpath, on another page of this Number.

There is an elaborate racing programme for the holidays. On Monday a new cycling track will be opened at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. There will be meetings at North Shields, Wolverhampton, Brighton, Cheltenham, Bury St. Edmunds, Birmingham, Taunton. But the great Easter novelty promises to be, if rumour can be trusted, the first appearance of Pneumatic racers in England. They will make their début at Slough on Monday, and the sight will be worth seeing.

For those who stay at home there will be the Finchley Harriers' Athletic and Cycling Carnival at the Paddington Grounds. The sports are to commence at 1.30 and finish at 5.45. The track now is in excellent order, and the curves are far less dangerous than they were last summer—a great thing for racing men.

SOUTH LONDON CYCLING RESORT.—SEE "CYCLE AND CAMERA."

I have received a copy of Mr. R. P. Scott's "Cycling Art, Energy, and Locomotion." It looks tremendously learned and scientific, but I have only had time to glance through it. The historical part seems extremely well done, and I learn from Messrs. Iliffe that the first edition is sold out. A book of this kind was really needed, and I will make an effort to master some of its scientific problems: if I cannot, I will offer them as puzzles to my readers. In the meantime, I hope you have all got your machines out of vaseline and cotton wool, and started on your Easter tour. But on your first day out this year don't try to race everything that comes along.

N. C. U.

A PHONOGRAPH STORY.

The Parrot & the Cuckoo.

A Tragedy.

SCENE: *The vicinity of the Cuckoo Clock. Cuckoo discovered in the act of telling three o'clock. Parrot watching from a perch near by.*

CUCKOO: Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

PARROT: Hark, there she goes!
To hear her, any parrot would suppose
She owned the earth, conceited little thing!
She really seems to fancy she can sing.
And, though you 'll scarce believe, that little bird
Rules the whole blessed household with a word.
She only has to call "Cuckoo!" and lo!
The family at once to luncheon go.
When she screams "Cuckoo!" twice it is the rule
For all the little ones to march to school.
Then when she screams six times that is a sign
That Cuckoo thinks it's time for them to dine.
And so it goes through all the livelong day—
She tells them what to do, and they obey.
And as for me, they treat me like a doll,
And mimic me, and call me "Pretty Poll!"
And ask me several million times a day,
"Does Polly want a cracker?"—by the way,
I've yet to see that cracker—oh, sometimes
I gnash my beak, or mutter nursery rhymes,
Or anything! for fear I should let slip
The wicked words they taught me on the ship.
Next time the Cuckoo squalks will be her last.
Next time she tries—

CUCKOO (*striking four o'clock*):
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Cuc——"

PARROT: (*smashes the Cuckoo to bits, causing the machinery to run down*):
Come, now, have done! we've heard enough from you!
Prepare to die! your little reign is o'er,
Over this house you 'll tyrannise no more!
What! won't you come? then I'll soon show you how!

There! stop that whirring; Heavens, what a row!
Help, stop it, some one!
(*It stops.*)
Well, upon my word,
You 're tough for such a very little bird.
I thought you'd never die! and now, my dear,
The family will very soon be here,
And when they see how little 's left of you
They 'll be so glad they won't know what to do—
To think the Cuckoo 's killed, and they are free
To work or play or sleep or take their tea
Just when they please—and, most of all, how jolly
To feel they owe it all to "Pretty Polly!"

Curtain.

FLOWERS AS FOOD.

STEWED lilies have appeared at a "ladies' luncheon" in Transatlantic circles. No guest failed in the urgent duty of appearing to like the dish of the occasion. Comments afterwards may have been all the more forcible for the necessary reticence of the moment. Another floral dainty is a rose cake, the specialty of a coloured cook, whose culinary education in Paris cost her employer dollars untold. The cake is in the form of jelly of rose, may be white, pink, red, or damask. Layers of jelly of the prevailing tint alternate with layers of baked rose petals, and a shower of real rose-leaves is rained over the top when the cake is served. With candied violets and rose-leaves we are familiar, but the candied orange-blossoms seen at American wedding breakfasts are a novelty. They are said to retain their fragrance even after being bathed in syrup.

TO ATHLETES. — CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities. strength-giving, staying power.—[ADVT.]

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Yearly, 6s. 6d.; Half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; Quarterly, 1s. 8d.; Christmas Number, 8d. extra.

ABROAD.

In consequence of the weight of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* involving extra postage, the Terms of Subscription will be as follows:—

To Abyssinia, Aden, Apia (Samoa), Bagdad, (viâ Bombay), Bechuanaland, Borneo, Brazil, Ceylon, China, Hong-Kong, India, Japan, Java, Labuan, Penang, Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Siam, Transvaal, and Zanzibar — Yearly, 10s. 10d.; Half-Yearly, 5s. 5d.; Christmas Number, 1s. extra.

Elsewhere Abroad—Yearly, 8s. 8d.; Half-yearly, 4s. 4d.; Christmas Number, 8d. extra.

No subscriptions received from abroad for less than half a year, and all subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct by Post-Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

THE EASY HAIR CURLER.

They will not entangle or break the hair, are effective and require no skill to use.

Each Curler being made in one piece, they cannot get out of order.

THE QUICKEST, CHEAPEST, AND MOST SIMPLE CURLERS EVER SENT.

MADE IN FIVE COLOURS TO MATCH THE HAIR.

Twelve Curlers in a Box, 6d.

By Post, 8d.

Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers. Wholesale of

R. HOVENDEN and SONS,

31 and 32, BERNERS STREET, W. and 91-95, CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

HARDY FLOWERING PLANTS.

Splendid summer and autumn blooming perennial varieties for the permanent decoration of the garden. Good strong plants from single pots for immediate planting out, including Anthemis pallida, Helenium pumilum, Phlox, &c. Twelve choice varieties, 4s. 6d., six for 2s. 9d., twenty-five for 8s., or 100 for 30s. Carriage free for cash with order.

DANIELS BROS.,

Town Close Nurseries, Norwich.

GLADIOLI OR SWORD LILIES.

Magnificent bulbous-rooted plants for the open garden, producing grand spikes of brilliant and charmingly coloured flowers early in autumn. Plant now. Choice named sorts, per dozen 4s. 6d., six for 2s. 6d., or twenty-five for 8s. Superb exhibition varieties, very choice, per dozen, 9s.; six for 4s. 6d., or twenty-five for 18s. Splendid varieties, mixed, without names, per dozen, 3s. 6d.; per 100, 20s. All carriage free for cash with order.

DANIELS BROS.,

Town Close Nurseries, Norwich.

CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS FOR SPRING, 1890. TWELVE BEAUTIFUL VARIETIES of easy culture, specially selected for the open garden, and including the following splendid assortment with full cultural directions:—

Aster, finest double	Stock, ten-week, finest double
Candytuft, choice mixed	Sweet Peas, splendid mixed
Godetia, new, large-flowered	Pansy, choice mixed
Mignonette, sweet-scented	Clarkia integripetala, &c.
Scarlet Linum	
Nasturtium, Tom Thumb	

Post free 1s. 2d., two packets 2s. 2d., four packets 4s. 2d. Sown now will produce a brilliant display throughout the summer and autumn. Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Plants, with handsome coloured plate, free with each order.

DANIELS BROS., The Queen's Seedsmen, NORWICH.

TOO FAT.

Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to DR. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

£5 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For samples, &c., inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Merchants, Birmingham.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Clarionettes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Cornets, Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., sent carriage paid. G. BUTLER, 29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Catalogues, 60 pages, sent post free.

BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND INSTRUMENTS, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, Cornets, Saxhorns, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.—29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post free.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS, ("Tower" Organ Works), 29, Minories, London. Established 1827.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. 50 per cent discount. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 5 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4 gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars, post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

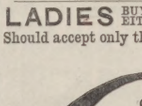
BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand.

Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS and SHARES purchased and sold. The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

TAFF'S BUTTER SCOTCH. Sold in Packets, 3d. and 6d. each. Shopkeepers and Confectioners commencing, please write for Price-List. Country Orders carriage paid. Vans to all parts of London.—CHARLES TAFF, High-class Confectionery Works, The Grove, Hackney, London, N.E.

DON'T READ THIS!



Unless you like music. One of our facile Self-Instructors is presented, gratis, with every Instrument. Price-List free. Musical Instruments and Fittings of every kind at the wholesale price, and carriage paid (See Testimonials in price-list). THE STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S Dept.) 31, Moorgate-st., London.

GIVEN AWAY with 6d. and 1s. Bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK, or the EBONITE INK—no heating to be applied—a Voucher entitling Purchaser to their Name in full or Monogram Rubber Stamp for marking linen, paper, books, &c. Sold everywhere; or, direct Works, Six or Twelve Stamps.—75, Southgate-road, London, N. Nickel Pen and Pencil Case, Name in Rubber, 7 Stamps.

FREE GRANTS OF LAND IN CANADA.

160 ACRES IN MANITOBA AND NORTH-WEST.

FROM 100 TO 200 ACRES IN OTHER PROVINCES.

IMPROVED FARMS AT LOW RATES.

PAMPHLETS, issued under the authority of the Imperial and Dominion Governments, containing full information as to land regulations, the investment of capital, the demand for various kinds of labour and rates of wages, and all other particulars, may be obtained, POST FREE, on applying to the HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA, 17, Victoria-street, London, S.W.; or to Mr. JOHN BYRE, Canadian Government Agent, 15, Water-street, Liverpool.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—Every Evening at Eight. LONDON DAY BY DAY, by Geo. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Doors open at Seven. Farce at 7.35. Box-office open daily, Ten to Five.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. MONDAY EVENING NEXT, at Eight o'Clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving as Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. Matinées of THE DEAD HEART.—There will be Three Morning Performances of THE DEAD HEART on SATURDAYS, APRIL 12, 19, and 26. On these Saturday Nights THE BELLS will be played.—LYCEUM.

Celandine

Removes Corns by the Roots in a week when other remedies fail. Easily applied. Worn with the tightest boot. Thousands of Testimonials free; or a Bottle, post free, 1s stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Agents everywhere.

F. Horrell, Esq., Boreham, Chelmsford, writes:—"'CELANDINE' removed my corns without the slightest pain. I have since cured eight men in my employ."

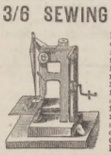
A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists: or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post free and free from observation to any address on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 368, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists, or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 368, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios: it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 368, Caledonian-road, London, N.

3/6 SEWING MACHINE 3/6

(Patented No. 729.)



Does work which will bear comparison with that of any £5 Machine. No complications; no trouble; no teaching. It works fine or coarse materials equally as well. Sent, carriage free, 4s.; two for 7s. 6d.; extra needles 6d. and 1s. per packet. Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials. Call and see them at work. Agents wanted. Address: SEWING MACHINE CO., 10 Dep., 55, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

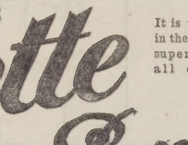
GRATIS and POST FREE. BARR'S NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS and NIGGER and THEATRICAL GOODS. Scratch Wigs, 3s. 8d.; Nigger Wigs, 1s. 2d.—Bow-lane, London, E.C.

NAMES FOR BOOKS. 100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. H. PETERS, 4, St. Michael-terrace, Maidstone.

LAUNDRY GLAZING SECRET. To make Cuffs, Collars, and Fronts like White China. Nothing used in the Starch. No apparatus, except Flat-iron. Extremely simple. P.O. 1s., or 13 stamps. Address, LAUNDRY, 29, Liscard, Birkenhead.

GIVEN AWAY, YOUR RUBBER STAMP, ELEGANTLY MOUNTED, Name in full or Monogram for marking linen or stamping paper. Enclose three stamps for postage, &c.—To CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK WORKS, 75, Southgate-road, London, N. Your Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil-case, with your Name in Rubber, complete, seven stamps. Business Stamps, round, square, or oval, from 1s. Write for Lists.

MOUSTACHIOS and BEAUTIFUL HAIR. Try a bottle of HIRSUTINE. An infallible hair formula for producing a luxuriant growth of whiskers, moustachios, &c.; 1s. by post, free from observation, of Madame C. DUMAS, 185, Graham-road, London, N.E.



Machines Exchanged, Bought, Sold. Lists Free. Easy Terms.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO., Ltd., Sole Makers of the celebrated Juno Cycles. Safeties, from £6. Tricycles, from £5. Juno Safety, Balls both Wheels and Cranks, £10 10s. Juno Folding Tricycle, to do 9 m., £21. Juno Spring Frame Safety, £15 15s. Second-hand Machines in Immense Variety. Lists Free. 75 and 76, Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C.

TO LADIES!! DR. MORGAN'S VALUABLE PILLS are positively the only CERTAIN REMEDY for all ailments peculiar to females. They never fail to remove all obstructions, and restore females to robust health. Send 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d. to DR. MORGAN, Imperial Mansions, Oxford-street, London, W.

LADIES BUYING EITHER DUST CLOAKS OR WATERPROOFS

Should accept only those which are treated by the PATENT

Cravenette Process

It is the best in the market, superseding all others.

CLOAKS, thus treated, are Rain Repellent, Hygienic, and Inodorous. They have all the advantages without the objectionable features of macintosh and other proofs.

No Lady should be without one.

These Cloaks are the only ones which stood satisfactorily the exceptionally heavy rains of 1888.

The CRAVENETTE process is the only proof which stands successfully the Heavy Rain, and is pronounced by the thinking public to be the only Reliable and really Hygienic proof in the market. All the leading journals are unanimous in its praise.

The unique advantage of the CRAVENETTE system is that every fibre of the material treated by it being completely permeated by the proofing agent, the fabric, while rendered permanently Rain-Repellent, retains its former porous qualities, and admits of the natural and perfect Ventilation.

The most delicate Silks, Fancy Dust Cloaks, Cloths, and the regular Imperial Cloths are all successfully treated in the piece (before making up) **without in any way altering their appearance** or handle.

Every Draper keeps the Cravenette Proofed Cloaks. *Ladies, see that the stamp*

"Cravenette," *or the ticket, is on each Cloak, to imitate which is a forgery.*

CAUTION.—India Rubber Waterproofs, however treated, are always objectionable on account of the smell. Cravenette proofed goods are **Inodorous.**

LADIES finding any difficulty in obtaining the Cravenette Cloaks should apply to THE CRAVENETTE COMPANY, Limited, Patentees and Sole Proprietors, Moss Street, Bradford, Yorkshire, who will gladly forward name of nearest agent.

AN ART SUPPLEMENT IS GIVEN AWAY WITH NUMBER 53 OF

"WORK" (Now Ready, Price 1d.), forming the first Supplement to the First Volume). The Supplement consists of a Large Sheet of DESIGNS IN WOOD CARVING, size 20 in. by 20 in., embracing Twenty Complete Working Designs for Various Articles of Needlework, from Elizabethan, Italian, and Old English to Modern French Fifteenth Century, and Oriental Models. Various Designs for Picture Frames, Cabinets, Chests, Cornices, Borders, &c. CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited; and all Booksellers.

FRENCH IN A WEEK. An entirely original system. By which anyone can make himself understood in a few hours. Post free 1s. 1d. W. RITCHIE, 78, High-street, Stoke Newington, London, N.

SHORTHAND IN A WEEK. By far the easiest system ever invented. Any one can thoroughly master it in a week. Please state name of paper. The Two Books, post free, 1s. 1d. W. RITCHIE, 78, High-street, Stoke Newington, London, N.

£6 MONTHLY may be added to income by selling our Tinted Note Paper and Pockets. French COFFEE in all the Cafés. Write for particulars, stating Profession, to OLIVER, 267, Southgate-road, London.

ADVANCES of £3 to £1000 made DAILY to Householders, Clerks, and others. Strict Confidence, without Publicity. Call or write. Principal, Mr. ROBEY, 70, Finsbury-pavement.

HAVE YOU A CATALOGUE? IF NOT YOU READY SHOULD HAVE ONE.

BUY YOUR WATCHES AND JEWELLERY DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Keyless, 30s.; Gold, £3 10s. Silver Albert Chains, 2s. 6d.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Pencils, 1s.; Gold Pencils, 3s. 6d.; Earrings, New Centre Stones, 1s. 6d.; Gold, 2s. 6d.; Lockets

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.,

By J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.—**GOLD MEDAL** awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

FRY'S SOLUBLE EASILY DIGESTED ECONOMICAL *PURE CONCENTRATED* COCOA

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THOSE WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE WEAK.

"Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D."

DISTIL Coffee

6d. 1s. 2s.

A Concentrated Coffee in a liquid form, in which the fine aroma, and stimulating properties are preserved, and permanently retained. NO GROUNDS OR SEDIMENT." Sample Bottle, Free for 12 stamps.

BEARE, GOSNELL, and FRY, 27, SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON.

FOR BREAKFAST.

THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' "MARAVILLA" COCOA.

Sold in Tinfoiled Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA.

Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' PURE COCOA.

AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.

Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS,

MARAVILLA, PEARL, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS, Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

CAUTION:—

GENUINE CHLORODYNE.

Each Bottle of this well-known Remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, SPASMS, &c., bears on the Government stamp the name of the Inventor,

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

WIDOW KEARSLEY'S WELCH'S PILLS FEMALE

have a reputation of over ONE HUNDRED YEARS, as a safe and reliable remedy for female complaints, obtained by no other so distressing disorders. Sold by all Chemists, 2s. 9d. each, or by post, obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. each, or by post, 33 stamps, from

SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

TEETH, ESKELL & SONS

(Established over 50 years),

445, STRAND (facing Charing Cross Station); 59, LUDGATE HILL (opposite City Bank).

The only two addresses.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

ESKELL'S CELEBRATED TEETH, made with or without Plates or Palates, are perfect for eating, speaking, and lifelike appearance. Completed and firmly fixed in one visit. No extractions of teeth or stumps required. No pain.

COMPLETE SETS, **50s.**

A TOOTH, **5s.** STOPPINGS, **2s. 6d.**

Hours, Nine till Eight daily.

Consultations Free. Illustrated Pamphlet, post free. 445, STRAND, and 59, LUDGATE HILL.

HOUSTONS

ESTD 1780 TRADE MARK

PRIZE MEDAL EDINBURGH 1886

A' OO HARRIS TWEEDS,

For Suits, Ladies' and Gents' Jackets and Ulsters, and Boys' Clothing.

FASHIONABLE, MORE DURABLE, COMFORTABLE, and MUCH CHEAPER than the Homespuns made in the Western Isles. Write for patterns. Orders carriage paid. Any length cut.

Manufactured only by

R. HOUSTON and SONS, GREENOCK.

(Warehouse: West Blackhall-st. Mills: Rock Bank.)

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

HARRIS'S PERAMBULATORS

From 30s. Complete.

Sent to any part of the country on Easy Terms, 5s. per month. Do not fail to send for designs and full particulars, Post Free.

W. J. HARRIS and CO. (Limited), THE LARGEST MAKERS IN THE WORLD. 219, Old Kent Rd.; 69, Newington Causeway; & Branches.

THE DANCING SKELETON.

A jointed figure of a skeleton 14 in. high. Will dance to music and perform various tricks. When placed on a chair or table will begin to move, stand up, lie down, &c., to the astonishment of all. Creates roars of laughter.

Sample 7d.; or three for 1s. 6d., carriage paid.

THE JUMBO PARTY.

A New American Game. Beats all others. Can be played by any number of persons, young or old, and is the funniest, liveliest, and most amusing game out. A world of merriment. Post paid, 7d.; or three for 1s. 6d. The Jumbo Party and Dancing Skeleton together for 1s. 10d.; or three of each for 2s. 6d.—J. G. WEBBER, Imperial Mansions, Oxford-street, London, W.C.

GRATEFUL — COMFORTING.

EPPS'S

(BREAKFAST)

COCOA

NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EVERY LADY PLEASE READ.

LOVELY BLACK SILK DRESS (New, unsoiled).

Mrs. BENNETT, of Ranebury House, St. Albans, Herts, begs now to thank all those ladies who have so kindly recommended her Dress Lengths of Pure Lyons Black Silk to their friends, and wishes to say that she has just received a magnificent parcel of Silk from her friends at the looms in Lyons. This parcel of Silk she has cut up into 18-yard full dress lengths, as before, and offers them to her friends for half-price, namely, fifty-nine shillings (half shop price). Mrs. Bennett will send one or more of these 18-yard pieces on approval, for inspection before purchasing, to any lady who will make application. It is a most beautifully Corded soft-wearing Silk, great width, and does not contain a particle of any other material whatever but pure Lyons Silk. Mrs. Bennett's friends in Lyons have made it especially for her. It will make a beautiful fashionable dress, or suitable for mourning. The Most Honourable the Marchioness of D. says "she thanks Mrs. Bennett for the second piece of silk." The Honourable Mrs. F. has said repeatedly, "Please send me two of your Silk Gowns, as we find no Silk wear like yours." Lady H. writes: "Your Silk is more than what you have said it is; I am delighted with it." An early application should be made for this choice parcel of Silk. Mrs. Bennett's is not a shop, neither does she pretend to be selling off. She only wishes ladies to apply for a piece of the beautiful Silk to be sent on approval, and then to compare it with what can be bought at the shops before they send the cheque. Mrs. Bennett can show hundreds of letters from the nobility and gentry who are wearing the Silk. The French peasants at Lyons make it for Mrs. Bennett, and that is why she sells it so cheaply. Will you kindly apply for a piece on approval? Elegant, acceptable present. Approval any distance.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS are the BEST.

IZODS PATENT CORSETS

PREPARED BY A NEW AND SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.

Medical opinion recommends them for the Health. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for Comfort, Style, and Durability. Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade Mark Anchor on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makers are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of drawings.

E. IZOD & SON, 30, Milk-street, London. Manufactory, Landport, Hants.

IN ALL CASES OF

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, or STIFFNESS, ONE SINGLE RUBBING WITH THE PURE PRODUCT

BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS

is guaranteed to do more good than Six Similar Bubbling with any other Compound Oil, Embrocation, Liniment, or Patent Medicine advertised for the cure of similar maladies, and the Proprietors of these preparations are challenged to refute this statement if they can.

BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS

is no American quackery, no mere mixture of Hartshorn and Oil, or other worthless compounds. It is NOT a Patent Medicine, but it is a

PURE PENETRATING PRINCIPLE,

which penetrates to the root of the disease, and thus eradicates the malady which compounds fail to relieve.

DON'T DELAY. DON'T BE DECEIVED.

IT HAS CURED SCORES OF THE WORST CASES!

IT WILL CURE YOU!

OUR PROOFS.

What it has done for others.

TWO SURGICAL OPERATIONS FAILED TO RELIEVE.

MRS. GRAINGER, 23, Bridgeman-street, Walsall, spent sixteen weeks in a hospital suffering torture from Acute Sciatica; she underwent two frightful operations—in one of them having a large piece of flesh removed—but without deriving the least benefit, and was discharged as incurable. She obtained a bottle of BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS, used it according to directions, obtained Immediate Relief, and by the time the first bottle was completed a Cure had been effected.

CURED WITH HALF A BOTTLE.

MR. A. SALT, Hammerswick, had a severe attack of Chronic Rheumatism in his knee and ankle, and for five months had been unable to walk without the assistance of two sticks. The pain in his limbs was so bad that they felt as if they were broken. Scores of remedies had been tried, but had done him no good. As a last resource he determined to use BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS, and, to his great surprise and satisfaction, after the first dressing he obtained relief; and before half the bottle had been applied he had lost all pain, and was able to resume his usual work, and to walk as well as ever.

ANOTHER CASE. "ALMOST PARALYSED WITH PAIN."

MR. FREDERICK CHAMBERS, Oxford-street, Flock, says: "I suffered for eight weeks acute torture in every limb, sometimes being almost paralysed with pain. I had tried scores of liniments, recommended by friends, without obtaining any relief, but after using one bottle of BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS, the pains left me, and I now feel better than I have done for months. I strongly recommend all sufferers from Rheumatism to use BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS, and you are at perfect liberty to mention my name in testimony of its great value."

IF YOU SUFFER FROM RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, OR STIFFNESS,

Send to your Chemist for a Bottle of

BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS,

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

as it is held in stock by all the leading Wholesale Medicine houses in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. If he hasn't it in stock he can easily procure it for you. If he refuses to do this, send 15 stamps to the Proprietor,

C. BAYLEY, Chemist, Walsall,

Who will send it post free.

One Copy of Bayley's Medical Dictionary, 168 pages, crown 8vo, giving Recipes and Treatment for all Diseases, is inclosed with each first bottle.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskerine positively forces luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprises everybody. Will prove it or forfeit £100. Free, 12 stamps.—J. RENNIE, Chemist, St. Luke's, Cork. Only test it.

UNSURPASSED DURING 18 DECADES

Beaufoys HOUSEHOLD MALT VINEGARS

BEST, PUREST & CHEAPEST OBTAINABLE

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS.

FOR GRAVIES, SOUPS, SAUCES, and Improving Stews and Hashes.

EDWARDS' ECONOMIC COOKERY. A Useful Book, post free on naming this Paper, from

FREDK. KING & CO., Lt., 26, Waring-street, Belfast; 3 to 6, Camomile-street, London. Proprietors of

"GRAVINA."

EDWARDS' GRAVY POWDER.

WATCHES. — In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.

WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.

500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 10 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.

150 LARGE powerful-tune BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £3 3s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

THE "EXCELSIOR" SILVER WATCH.

19s. **19s.**

LADY'S ENGRAVED CASE.

GENTS'—A LARGER SIZE.

WONDERFUL TIMEKEEPER. Silver Case, Crystal Plate Glass, Six Jewels, Lady's or Gent's, 19s. post free. Written Warranty. Full particulars and Remarkable Testimonials in our SPLENDID NEW CATALOGUE. Elegantly illustrated with 1100 Engravings, containing "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH," "WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?" &c., sent Gratis.

50s. ENGLISH LEVER. **50s.** £2 10s. Capped and jewelled. Marvellous value. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

THE "KNOCKABOUT" WATCH, 7s. 9d.

Marvellous and genuine. Guaranteed timekeeper.

DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY at a Shop. Send direct to the Manufacturers. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; large Silver Brooch, 10d.; Imitation Diamond Earrings, 10d.; Horseshoe Scarf Pin, 6d.; Lady's Albert, 4s. 6d.; Gent's Hall-marked Albert, 6s. 6d. All genuine Silver. Gold Keeper Rings, 3s.; Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d.; also Gold Jewellery, Electro-Plate, and Cutlery. Every Pattern Illustrated. SEND POSTCARD FOR CATALOGUE.

C. LANGDON DAVIES and CO., Belgrave House, Bristol-street, Birmingham. WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.

WITH INDIA-RUBBER VACUUM ARROW.

HARMLESS PISTOL

The only Game for In and Out Door Amusements Suited for all Ages.

Bronze Pistol, with Arrow and Target, 2s.

Nickel-Plated Pistol, with Arrow and Target, 3s. 6d.

Will not Break Glass or Mar Furniture.

Sold by all Toy, Fancy, and Sporting Goods Dealers. Sole Agent for the Wholesale Trade

PATENTED.

LEWIS WILD, 13, Edmund Place, London, E.C.

HAIR DESTROYER. — ALEX. ROSS'S ordinary Depilatory removes hair from the face and hands without injury. 3s. 6d., sent by post for 50 stamps; the Electric Appliance for strong hair, 30s.; the German Process to remove thick hair, £2 2s.; and the Cuticising Liquid, 10s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS, Inventor of the Nose Machine, 21, Lamb's Conduit-street, W.C., London. Estab. 1830.

LADIES

Should not fail to test these Vinegars.

THEY ALWAYS PLEASE.

Of all Stores, Grocers, Oilmen, Confectioners, and Chemists.

BEAUFOY & CO. also manufacture the finest Non-Alcoholic Cordials. Pleasant and Wholesome. Flavours:—

LIME JUICE, LEMON, ORANGE, GINGER, ETC.

BEAUFOY & CO.

87, SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

(ESTABLISHED 1730.)

The "Lady" says: "Hutton's Cambric Handkerchiefs are wonderfully cheap."

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Ladies' Size, 2s. 3d. doz.; Gents, 3s. 6d. doz. Hemstitched—Ladies' Size, 2s. 11d. doz.; Gents, 4s. 11d. doz. The "Christian World" says of Hutton's Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs are unusually good at the price." Price List and Samples of Irish Linen, Irish Tweeds, and Irish Linen Dresses free to all parts. Parcels Carriage Paid.

G. R. HUTTON and CO., Larne, Belfast.

BROOMES MUSIC

2d. 5 inch POST FREE

No.

63. Call me back again.
155. Little Brown Jug.
253. Starlight Nell.
297. Then you'll remember me.
403. Only to see her face again.
415. Who's that calling so sweet
411. Song that reached my heart
421. Dutch Clockman.
423. Pretty Pond Lilies.
424. Pretty Pond Lilies (Waltz)
298. White Wings.
428. White Wings (Waltz).

List contains 431 Songs, Pieces, Dance Music, &c.

W. H. BROOME, 15, HOLBORN, E.C.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY CHEAPER THAN EVER, supplied by JOHN H. CATES,

Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 90, High-street, Borough, S.E.

Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station within 250 Miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent will be allowed off invoice, in lieu of carriage; and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town and Suburbs by our own van daily.

THE JUBILEE

Prices:
£17, £15.
£12 12s.,
£11 10s.,
£9 9s.,
£8 10s.,
and £6 6s.,
less 15 per cent for cash.

Supplied on Easy Terms.

Fastest Safety Machine on record, and best roadster. List of over 120 pages and Testimonials sent post free.—BRITISH CYCLE MANUFACTURING CO., 65, Everton-road, Liverpool. Manchester Show-Rooms, 6, Palatine-buildings, Victoria-street (directly opposite Exchange Station, L. and N. W. Railway).

"καλλεόν ἐστι ὑγιαίνειν"

(Health is beauty.)

SOUTHALLS' "SANITARY TOWELS"

(Patented).

USED ON LAND AND SEA.

SAVES WASHING.

Price per Packet (of 1 dozen), 1s., 2s., and 2s. 9d.

From Ladies' Outfitters throughout the World.

For SAMPLE PACKETS write to the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull-street, Birmingham. Post free 1s. 3d., 2s. 3d., 3s. 1d.

Wholesale Agents:

London: SHARP, PERRIN, and CO., 31, Old Change, and STAPLEY and SMITH, London Wall.

Manchester: PEEL, WATSON, and Co.

Glasgow: J. P. HARRINGTON.

Edinburgh: McRITCHIE and FISHER.

Continental Address: 16, Rue D'Uzès, Paris.

SOUTHALL BROS. & BARCLAY, Birmingham.

PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED BY *Sir Morell Mackenzie*

WHOSE TESTIMONIAL IS WITH EACH BOX.

THROAT IRRITATION, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AT 1/1½ OR FOR 14 STAMPS FROM

Soden Mineral Produce Company, Limited, 52, BREAD ST., CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

I CURE FITS

AND TO PROVE IT

"I will GIVE A BOTTLE of my Remedy for Nothing, so that Sufferers may have an opportunity of testing the truth of what I fearlessly state."

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES OF THIS MARVELLOUS MEDICINE GIVEN AWAY EVERY YEAR.

I have made a life-long study of the disease of Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness, and when I say CURE, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have known my Remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to cure you is no reason why you should continue to suffer. Send at once for my TREATISE and a FREE BOTTLE of medicine. It costs you nothing for a trial, and IT WILL CURE.

DR. H. G. ROOT, 73, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THERE IS NO FOOD LIKE

Ridge's

FOR A LITTLE WOMAN OR A LITTLE MAN

SO
PALATABLE
DIGESTIBLE

IT IS THE BEST

COMESTIBLE

N.B.

AVOID THE IMITATIONS GOT UP TO CHEAT THE EYE, THE POCKET, AND THE UNDERSTANDING. GET RIDGE'S

YOU'D TRY IN VAIN TO FIND ONE
IF ROUND THE WORLD YOU RAN.

Dr. RIDGE'S Patent Cooked Food has the LARGEST SALE of any Infant's Food in the World.

The Genuine RIDGE'S FOOD is sold by all respectable Chemists, Grocers, &c.

PAMPHLET ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN, POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO THE MANUFACTORY—RIDGE'S ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.